

DECEMBER, 1910

PRICE TEN CENTS

# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

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*The Fighting Magazine  
of the Working Class*



THE STRIKE OF THE GARMENT WORKERS

Robert Dvorak

THE AMERICAN PARTNERS OF DIAZ

John Kenneth Turner

# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

OF, BY AND FOR THE WORKING CLASS

EDITED BY CHARLES H. KERR

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International Notes : World of Labor : Literature : News and Reviews  
Publishers' Department.

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Subscription price, \$1.00 a year, Canada \$1.20, other countries \$1.36

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Advertising Rates: Full page, \$40.00; half page, \$20.00, quarter page, \$10.00; smaller advertisements, \$2.80 per inch. No discount for repeated insertions. An extra discount of 5% is, however, allowed for cash in advance for one insertion, or 10% when cash is paid in advance for three or more insertions. Classified advertising, cash in advance, two cents per word, initials and figures counted same as words. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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CHARLES H. KERR & COMPANY, Publishers (Co-operative)  
118 West Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as Second Class Matter July 27, 1900, under Act of March 3, 1879.



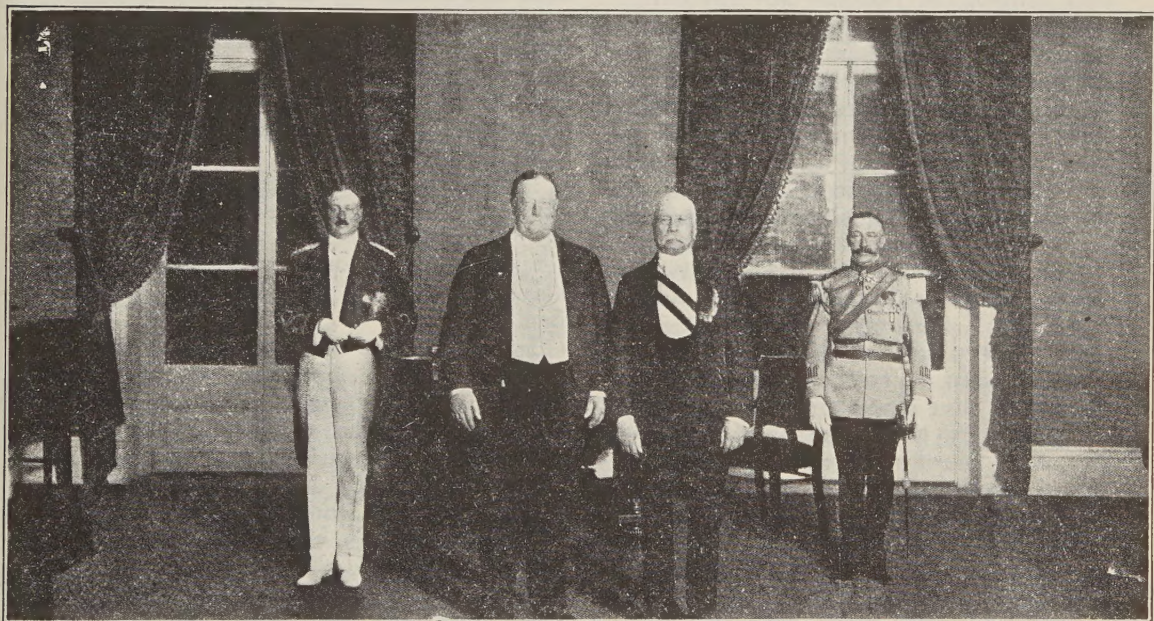


# *The* INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

Vol. XI

DECEMBER, 1910

No. 6



TAFT AND DIAZ AT EL PASO, TEXAS.

## THE AMERICAN PARTNERS OF DIAZ

BY

JOHN KENNETH TURNER

(FROM ADVANCE SHEETS OF "BARBAROUS MEXICO.")

**T**HE United States is a partner in the slavery of Mexico. After freeing his black slaves Uncle Sam, at the end of half a century, has become a slaver again. Uncle Sam has gone to slave-driving in a foreign country.

No, I shall not charge this to Uncle Sam, the genial, liberty-loving fellow citizen of our childhood. I would rather say that Uncle Sam is dead and that another is masquerading in his place—a counterfeit Uncle Sam who has so far deceived

the people into believing that he is the real one. It is that person whom I charge with being a slaver.

This is a strong statement, but I believe that the facts justify it. The United States is responsible in part for the extension of the system of slavery in Mexico; second, it is responsible as the determining force in the continuation of that slavery; third, it is responsible knowingly for these things.

When I say the United States I do not



mean a few minor and irresponsible American officials. Nor do I mean the American nation—which, in my humble judgment, is unjustly charged with the crimes of some persons over whom, under conditions as they exist, it has no control. I use the term in its most literal and exact sense. I mean the organized power which officially represents this country at home and abroad. I mean the Federal Government and the interests that control the Federal Government.

Adherents of a certain political cult in this country are wont to declare that chattel slavery was abolished in the United States because it ceased to be profitable. Without commenting on the truth or fallacy of his assertion, I aver that there are plenty of Americans who are prepared to prove that slavery is profitable in Mexico. Because it is considered profitable, these Americans have, in various ways, had a hand in the extension of the institution. Desiring to perpetuate Mexican slavery and considering General Diaz a necessary factor in that perpetuation, they have given him their undivided support. By their control of the press they have glorified his name, when otherwise his name should be by right a stench in the nostrils of the world. But they have gone much farther than this. By their control of the political machinery of their government, the United States government, they have held him in his place when otherwise he would have fallen. *Most effectively has the police power of this country been used to destroy a movement of Mexicans for the abolition of Mexican slavery and to keep the chief slavedriver of Barbarous Mexico, Porfirio Diaz, upon his throne.*

Still another step can we go in these generalizations. By making itself an indispensable factor in his continuation in the governmental power, through its business partnership, its press conspiracy and its police and military alliance, the United States has virtually reduced Diaz to a political dependency, and by so doing has virtually transformed Mexico into a slave colony of the United States.

As I have already suggested, these are generalizations, but if I did not believe that the facts set forth in this and the succeeding chapter fully justified each

and every one of them, I would not make them.

Pardon me for again referring to the remarkable defense of Mexican slavery and Mexican despotism which we find in the United States, inasmuch as it is itself a strong presumption of guilty partnership in that slavery and despotism. What publication or individual in the United States, pray you, was ever known to defend the system of political oppression in Russia? What publication or individual in the United States was ever known to excuse the slave atrocities of the Congo Free State? How many Americans are in the habit of singing paeans of praise to Czar Nicholas or the late King Leopold?

Americans of whatever class not only do not dare to do these things, but they do not care to do them. But what a difference when it comes to Mexico! Here slavery is sacred. Here autocracy is deified.

It will not do to deny the honesty of the comparison between Mexico and Russia or the Congo. For every worshipper of Diaz knows that he is an autocrat and a slavedriver and enough of them admit it to leave no ground for doubt that they know it.

What, then, is the reason for this strange diversion of attitude? Why do so many prostrate themselves before the Czar of Mexico and none prostrate themselves before the Czar of Russia? Why is America flooded with books hailing the Mexican autocrat as the greatest man of the age while it is impossible to buy a single book, regularly published and circulated, that seriously criticizes him?

The inference is inevitable that it is because Diaz is the Golden Calf in but another form, that Americans are profiting by Mexican slavery and are exerting themselves to maintain it.

But there are easily provable facts that carry us far beyond any mere inference, however logical it may be.

What is the most universal reply that has been made to my criticisms of Mexico and Mexico's ruler? That there are \$900,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico.

To the Powers that Be in the United States the nine hundred million dollars



of American capital form a conclusive argument against any criticism of President Diaz. They are an overwhelming defense of Mexican slavery.

"Hush! Hush!" the word goes about. "Why, we have nine hundred million dollars grinding out profits down there!" And the American publishers obediently hush.

In that \$900,000,000 of American capital in Mexico is to be found the full explanation not only of the American defense of the Mexican government, but also of the political dependency of Diaz upon the Powers that Be in this country. Wherever capital flows capital controls the government. This doctrine is recognized everywhere and by all men who have as much as half an eye for the lessons that the world is writing. The last decade or two has proved it in every country where large aggregations of capital have gathered.

No wonder there is a growing anti-American sentiment in Mexico. The Mexican people are naturally patriotic. They have gone through tremendous trials to throw off the foreign yoke in past generations and they are unwilling to bend beneath the foreign yoke today. They want the opportunity of working out their own national destiny as a separate people. They look upon the United States as a great Colossus which is about to seize them and bend them to its will.

And they are right. American capital in Mexico will not be denied. The partnership of Diaz and American capital has wrecked Mexico as a national entity. The United States government, as long as it represents American capital—and the most rampant hypocrite will hardly deny that it does today—will have a deciding voice in Mexican affairs. From the viewpoint of patriotic Mexicans the outlook is melancholy indeed.

Let us cast our eyes over Mexico and see what some of that \$900,000,000 of American capital is doing there.

The Morgan-Guggenheim copper merger is in absolute control of the copper output of Mexico.

M. Guggenheim Sons own all the large smelters in Mexico, as well as vast mining properties. They occupy the same powerful position in the mining industry

generally in Mexico as they occupy in the United States.

The Standard Oil Company, under the name of the Waters-Pierce, with many subsidiary corporations, controls a vastly major portion of the crude oil flow of Mexico. It controls a still greater portion of the wholesale and retail trade in oil—ninety per cent of it, so its managers claim. At the present writing there is an oil war in Mexico caused by an attempt of the only other oil distributing concern in the country—controlled by the Pearsons—to force the Standard to buy it out at a favorable price. The situation predicts an early victory for the Standard, after which its monopoly will be complete.

Agents of the American Sugar Trust have just secured from the Federal and State governments concessions for the production of sugar beets and beet sugar so favorable as to insure it a complete monopoly of the Mexican sugar business within the next ten years.

The Continental Rubber Company, of which John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is credited with holding the controlling interest, and which controls fifteen per cent of the world's production of raw rubber, is in possession of millions of acres of rubber lands, the best in Mexico.

The Wells-Fargo Express Company, the property of the Southern Pacific Railroad, through its partnership with the government, holds an absolute monopoly of the express carrying business of Mexico.

E. N. Brown, president of the National Railways of Mexico and a satellite of H. Clay Pierce and the late E. H. Harriman, is a member of the board of directors of the Banco Nacional, which is by far the largest financial institution in Mexico, a concern that has over fifty branches, in which all the chief members of the Diaz financial camarrilla are interested and through which all financial deals of the Mexican government are transacted.

Finally, the Southern Pacific Railroad and allied Harriman heirs, despite the much vaunted government railway merger, own outright or control by virtue of near-ownership, three-fourths of the main line railway mileage of Mexico, which



enables it today to impose as absolute a monopoly in restraint of trade as exists in the case of any railway combination in the United States.

These are merely some of the largest aggregations of American capital in Mexico. For example, the Harriman heir's own two and one-half millions acres of oil land in the Tampico country, and a number of other Americans own properties running into the millions of acres. Americans are involved in the combinations which control the flour and meat trades of Mexico. The purely trade interests are themselves considerable. Eighty per cent of Mexican exports come to the United States and sixty-six per cent of Mexican imports are sent to her by us, the American trade with Mexico totaling some \$75,000,000 a year.

So you see how it is in Mexico. The Americanization of Mexico of which Wall Street boasts, is being accomplished and accomplished with a vengeance.

It were hardly worth while to pause at this juncture and discuss the question why Mexicans did not get in on the ground floor and control these industries. It is not, as numerous writers would have us believe, because Americans are the only intelligent people in the world and

because God made Mexicans a stupid people and intended that they should be governed by their superiors. One very good reason why Diaz delivered his country into the hands of Americans was that Americans had more money to pay for special privileges. And Americans had more money because, while all Mexicans were becoming impoverished by the war for the overthrow of the foreigner, Maximilian, thousands of Americans were making fortunes by means of grafting army contracts involved in our Civil War.

Let me present an instance or two of the way in which Americans are contributing to the extension of slavery:

Take the Yaqui atrocities, for example. Vice-president Corral, who was then in control of the government of the state of Sonora, stirred up a Yaqui war because he saw an opportunity to get the Yaqui lands and sell them at a good price to American capitalists. The Yaqui country is rich in both mining and agricultural possibilities. American capitalists bought the lands while the Yaquis were still on them, then stimulated the war of extermination and finally instigated the scheme to deport them into slavery in Yucatan.

*But American capital did not stop even*



BAND OF YAQUIS ON THE EXILE ROAD.





"BULL PEN" ON THE EXILE ROAD BETWEEN SONORA AND YUCATAN.

there. It followed the Yaqui women and children away from their homes. It saw families dismembered, women forced into wifehood with Chinamen, men beaten to death. It saw these things, encouraged them and covered them up from the eyes of the world because of its interest in the price of sisal hemp, because it feared that with the passing of slave labor the price of sisal hemp would rise. The American Cordage Trust, a ramification of Standard Oil, absorbs over half the henequen export of Yucatan. The Standard Oil press declares there is no slavery in Mexico. Governor Fred N. Warner, of Michigan, publicly denied my expose of slavery in Yucatan. Governor Warner is interested in contracts involving the purchase annually of half a million dollars worth of sisal hemp from the slave kings of Yucatan.

Also, Americans work the slaves—buy them, drive them, lock them up at night, beat them, kill them, exactly as do other employers of labor in Mexico. And they admit that they do these things. In my possession are scores of admissions by American planters that they employ labor which is essentially slave labor. All over the tropical section of Mexico, on the plantations of rubber, sugar-cane,

tropical fruits—everywhere—you will find Americans buying, beating, imprisoning, killing slaves.

Let me quote you just one interview I had with a well known and popular American of Diaz's metropolis, a man who for five years ran a large plantation near Santa Lucrecia.

"When we needed a lot of *enganchados*," he told me, "all we had to do was to wire to one of the numerous *enganchadores* in Mexico, saying: 'We want so many men and so many women on such and such a day.' Sometimes we'd call for three or four hundred, but the *enganchadores* would never fail to deliver the full number on the dot. We paid fifty pesos apiece for them, rejecting those that didn't look good to us, and that was all there was to it. We always kept them as long as they lasted.

"It's healthier down there than it is right here in the city of Mexico," he told me. "If you have the means to take care of yourself you can keep as well there as you can anywhere on earth."

Less than five minutes after making this statement he told me:

"Yes, I remember a lot of three hundred *enganchados* we received one Spring.



*In less than three months we buried more than half of them."*

The hand of the American slave-driver of Mexico has been known to reach out for its victims even as far as his own home—the United States. During my travels in Mexico, in order to become better acquainted with the common people, I spent most of my traveling days in second or third class cars. Riding in a third class car between Tierra Blanca and Veracruz one night, I spied an American negro sitting in a corner.

"I wonder if they ever caught *him* down here?" I said to myself. "I'll find out."

Tom West, a free-born Kentucky negro of twenty-five, hesitated to admit that he had ever been a slave. But he confessed gradually.

"Ah was workin' in a brick yahd in Kaintucky at two dollahs a day," was the way Tom put it, "when anothah cullahd man came along an' tole me he knowed where Ah cud get three seventy-five a day. Ah said 'Ah'm with ye.' So he hands me one o' them book prospectuses an' the next day he tuk me to the office o' the company an' they said the same thing—three seventy-five American money, or seven an' a half Mex! So Ah come with eighty othah cullahd folks by way o' Tampa, Florida, and Veracruz, down here to a coffee and rubbah plantation at La Junta, near Santa Lucrecia, Oaxaca.

"Seven and a half a day! Huh! Seven and a half! That's just what they paid me when they let me go—aftah two yeahs! Ah run away twict, but they ketched me and brung me back. Did they beat me? Naw, they beat lots o' othahs, but they nevalh beat me. Ah yeh, they batted me a few times with a stick, but Ah wouldn't a let 'em beat me; no suh, not me."

The plantation that caught Tom West, Kentuckian, was an American plantation. Some months after talking with Tom I happened to hold a conversation with a man who identified himself as Tom's master after I had told him Tom's story.

"Those niggers," this American told me, "were an experiment that didn't turn out very well. They must have been ours, for I don't know of anybody else down that way that had them at the time

of which you speak. The seven and a half a day? Oh, the agents told 'em anything to get them. That was none of our business. We simply bought them and paid for them and then made them work out their purchase price before we gave them any money. Yes, we kept them under lock and key at night and had to guard them with guns in the daytime. When they tried to make a break we'd tie 'em up and give 'em a good dressing down with a club. The authorities? We chummed with the authorities. They were our friends."

The partnership of American capital with President Diaz not only puts at its disposal a system of slave labor, but also permits it to utilize the system of peonage and to beat the class of wage-laborers down to the lowest point of subsistence. Where slavery does not exist in Mexico you find peonage, a mild form of slavery or you find cheap wage-labor. Diaz's *rurales* shot Colonel Green's copper miners into submission and threats of imprisonment put an end to the great strike on an American-Mexican railroad. American capitalists boast of the fact that their Diaz "does not permit any foolishness on the part of these labor unions." In such facts as these are found the reason for their hysterical defense of him.

Today the main lines of Mexican railroads aggregate 12,500 miles. Of this mileage the Southern Pacific Company controls and will probably soon own 8,941 miles, or nearly three-fourths of the total. These lines consist of:

The Southern Pacific in Mexico, 950 miles; the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient, 279 miles; the Pan-American, 296 miles; the Mexican, 327 miles; the National Railways of Mexico, 7,089 miles.

Of these the Southern Pacific is the only one that is being operated openly as the property of the Harriman heirs. The Orient road is operated under the presidency of A. E. Stilwell, a Harriman ally, whose vice-president, George H. Ross, is a director of the Chicago & Alton road, a Harriman property with which the Orient road has traffic agreements. Construction is still going on on both of these roads and they are drawing from the Diaz government about \$20,000



of subsidy for every mile built, or nearly enough to build the road.

The Pan-American railroad was recently acquired by David H. Thompson, who is the nominal president. Thompson was the United States ambassador to Mexico, where he seems to have represented the Harriman interests first and the other American interests afterwards. After securing the road, he resigned the ambassadorship. It is a pretty generally accepted fact that Thompson was acting for Harriman in securing the road. Harriman men are associated with him as directors of the road. The especial purpose of Thompson's securing the road was to incorporate it as a part of Harriman's plan to make an all-rail route from the Arizona border to Central America.

The only control exercised by the Harriman interests over the "Mexican Railway," as far as the writer knows, is that involved in the pooling of interests, in both freight and passenger traffic, of the Mexican road and the National Railways of Mexico.

Briefly, the story is this: The consolidation under nominal government control of the two principal railroad systems in Mexico, the Mexican Central and the Mexican National, was brought about, not, as is officially given out, to provide against the absorption of the Mexican highways by foreign capitalists, but to provide *for* that very thing. It was a deal between E. H. Harriman, on the one hand, and the government financial camarilla, on the other, the victim in the case being Mexico. It was a sort of deferred sale of the Mexican railroads to Harriman, the members of the camarilla getting as their share of the loot millions and millions of dollars through the juggling of securities and stock in effecting the merger. On the whole, it constitutes perhaps the most colossal single piece of plundering carried out by the organized wreckers of the Mexican nation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Mexican Central and Mexican National systems are both cheaply built roads; their rolling stock is of very low grade. Their entire joint mileage at the time of the merger was 5,400 miles, and yet under the merger they were capitalized at \$615,000,000 gold, or \$112,000 per

mile. Oceans of water there. The Mexican Central was 30 years old, yet had never paid a penny. The Mexican National was over 25 years old, yet it had paid less than two per cent. Yet in the over-capitalized merger we find that the company binds itself to pay *four and one-half per cent on \$225,000,000 worth of bonds and four per cent on \$160,000,000 worth of bonds, or \$16,525,000 interest a year, and pay it semi-annually!*

Out of the merger deal Harriman is supposed to have received, in addition to merger stocks and bonds, a cash consideration and special secret concessions and subsidies for his west coast road. Harriman dictated the contract as to the payment of interest on those merger bonds and his successors will compel payment or foreclose. As long as Diaz remains in power, as long as the Mexican government is "good"; that is, as long as it continues in partnership with American capital, the matter can be arranged—if in no other way, by paying the deficiency out of the Mexican treasury. But the moment there is trouble it is expected that the government will be unable to pay and the railroad will become American in name as well as in fact.

Trouble! That word is an exceedingly significant one here. A Mexican revolution will probably mean trouble of this particular sort, for every revolution of the past in Mexico has seen the necessity of the government's repudiating all or a part of the national obligations for a time. Thus the final step in the complete Americanization of Mexico's railways will be one of the clubs held over the Mexican people to prevent them from overturning a government that is particularly favorable to American capital.

Trouble! Trouble will come, too, when Mexico attempts to kick over the traces of undue American "influence." The United States will intervene with an army, if necessary, to maintain Diaz or a successor who would continue the special partnership with American capital. In case of a serious revolution the United States will intervene on the plea of protecting American capital. American intervention will destroy the last hope of Mexico for an independent national existence. Mexican patriots cannot



forget this, for it is daily paraded before them by the Diaz press itself. Thus the threat of an American army in Mexico is another of the American influences which keep Mexico from revolution against the autocracy of Diaz.

American capital is not at present in favor of political annexation of Mexico. This is because the slavery by which it profits can be maintained with greater safety under the Mexican flag than under the American flag. As long as Mexico can be controlled—in other words, as long as she can be held as a slave colony—she will not be annexed, for once she is annexed the protest of the American people will become so great that the slavery must of necessity be abolished or veiled under less brutal and downright forms. The annexation of Mexico will come only when she cannot be controlled by other means. Nevertheless, the threat of annexation is today held as a club over the Mexican people to prevent them from forcibly removing Diaz.

Do I guess when I prophesy that the United States will intervene in case of a revolution against Diaz? Hardly, for the United States has already intervened in that very cause. The United States has not waited for the revolution to assume a serious aspect, but has lent its powers most strenuously to stamping out its first

evidences. President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham, at the behest of American capital, have already placed the United States government in the service of Diaz to aid in stamping out an incipient revolution with which, for justifiable grounds, our revolution of 1776 cannot for an instant be thought of by comparison. Attorney General Wickersham is credited with being a heavy stockholder in the National Railways of Mexico; Henry W. Taft, brother of the president, is general counsel for the same corporation. Thus it will be seen that these officials have a personal as well as a political interest in maintaining the system of Diaz.

Three times during the past two years the United States government has rushed an army to the Mexican border in order to crush a movement of Liberals which had risen against the autocrat of Mexico. Constantly during the past three years the American government through its Secret Service, its Department of Justice, its Immigration officials, its border rangers, has maintained in the border states a reign of terror for Mexicans, in which it has lent itself unreservedly to the extermination of political refugees of Mexico who have sought safety from the long arm of Diaz upon the soil of the "land of the free and the home of the brave."



"IN MEXICO WOMEN ARE CHEAPER THAN GRIST MILLS."





COPS AND THUGS GUARDING SCABS.

# THE EXPRESSMEN'S STRIKE IN NEW YORK

BY

ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN

**S**ENSATION loving New York was startled two weeks ago by an armed battle among desperate men in the streets adjacent to the Grand Central depot and by riots around the ferry houses and on the ferry boats in mid-river, in which policemen were assaulted by "the mob." Then only did the modest demand of 10,000 men for an eleven-hour workday and a wage of from \$50 to \$80 per month, obscure temporarily the blatant Roosevelt and vituperative Hearst of the all-absorbing political campaign.

The strike commenced among the drivers and drivers' helpers of the United States Express Company, a corporation whose profits are so enormous that they pay 3 per cent dividends semi-annually on \$10,000,000—over seven million of which is computed to be watered stock by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association of Milwaukee. This means 10 per cent "earnings" semi-annually on \$3,000,000 actual capital. A splendid outpouring of rebellious workers from all the other express companies, and many department stores, followed, which included the employes of the Wells Fargo, Adams and American companies.

Fake employment agencies had opened up for business throughout the city a few weeks previous, and they at once proceeded to furnish strikebreakers. The kind of "men" they furnished, callow country youths or thugs, either could not or would not do the work and expressage was rapidly at a standstill. Within three days the companies claimed a loss of \$100,000 per day and 500,000 packages were tied up in the Grand Central station, also cars stalled along the railroads west to Chicago. This in spite of the fact that the strikebreakers are receiving \$4 per day and meals and are under police protection.

Attempts were made to deliver bundles by messenger service, whereupon eleven boys of the W. U. T. Company walked out; also by the taxicabs of the Westcott Company, which brought out 200 chauffeurs.

Consternation reigned among the politicians of the Democratic party. A labor dispute just before election would materially endanger their chances for victory. But when the conflicts occurred in the streets of New York and Jersey City, Mayor Gaynor allowed policemen to mount the express wagons and with drawn clubs they protected the strikebreakers. Up and down Broadway was seen the shameful spectacle



of blue-coated officers diverted from their supposed task of keeping traffic orderly and protecting pedestrians, to their *real mission* of protecting private property for the class in whose services government is operating today. (A rather pointed lesson to "Home Rule" advocates and Irish Nationalists were these Irish police "scabbing" on Irish strikers.)

Lawyer Platt, son of the notorious late U. S. Senator, emboldened by Mayor Gaynor's action, imperiously demanded that Governor Fort of New Jersey order out the militia to protect the company there, and complaining against the traffic rules of Jersey City's police commissioners, designed to keep order.

The official dignity of the commissioner was much ruffled by this action. But it forcibly illustrates the indifferent attitude of the large corporation towards political government. "Serve us or we ignore you," is their unspoken but implied command. Heads of powerful trusts whose servants sit in Congress, do not take orders from local authorities. Governor Fort, with a weather eye to the election, refused to interfere.

A committee of strike leaders at once visited Mayor Gaynor and he promised to remove the police guards, but a few hours later he issued newspaper interviews denying the labor leaders' version of his remarks. *The police remained.*

Immediately among the rank and file of the enthusiastic and outraged strikers sentiment for a general strike rose high. They had the spirit of fight and a strong sense of solidarity. But their craft form of organization, including teamsters of numerous and varied industries, would, in a general tie-up, be taking a slice from each, but crippling none.

It would bring out, for instance, bakery wagon drivers, piano drivers, and cart teamsters, teamsters handling building materials, coach, cab and funeral drivers, etc. While each of these branches would probably be imbued with a firm determination to help win the demands of their fellow unionists, they could not affect the express companies. They are isolated industrially from the scene of action. Nevertheless the idea of 45,000 men in a general sympathetic strike is inspiring as an instance of growing class unity. It served to compel Mayor Gaynor to ostensibly remove the police escort. But

mounted officers rode within calling distance.

Simultaneously came the action of the International Association of Longshoremen of 40,000 membership, which notified the steamship companies that *they would handle no goods handled by strikebreakers*, and furthermore announced to the strikers that they were willing and ready to enter a general strike, when the expressmen said the word. Then the mayor "acted." He has strangely established a reputation as a fair-minded and just man, to the extent of dazzling many radicals, yet his administration has been characterized by indecision and vacillation—as exemplified by his "action." Ignoring the city ordinance requiring that all drivers be licensed and the fact that *none of the strikebreakers had complied with the law*, he adopted the pose of conciliator and arbitrator.

The Express Companies had solicited the aid of the Civic Federation and a committee of the latter infamous organization appeared on the scene, including John Mitchell and Tim Healy. "Peace and heart-to-heart talks" was the slogan of the hour. William H. Ashton, organizer of the A. F. of L., is quoted in the *New York World* of November 3 as standing ready to accept the decision of a board of arbitrators appointed by either the Civic Federation or the Merchants Association, and as saying emphatically, "I will force the strikers to accept such a settlement." Under the contradictory circumstances of the men talking general strike and war, the leaders talking arbitration and peace, a mass-meeting was held Friday, November 4, in Teutonia Hall. The leaders did the speech-making. Persuasively glib of tongue and tricky in parliamentary procedure, these men, who were anxious to have the differences arbitrated by the companies' allies and who boasted of their power to force the men to accept such a decision—instigated a motion to postpone further action for one week. Generously they gave the companies time to consider and probably hoped to carry their friends, the Democratic politicians safely over Election Day, while they gained time to head off a general strike among the men. "The general strike is the one thing we do not want to call," said Mr. Tobin. "It is our last weapon. We do not like to injure innocent business men, but we must fight to the end."





THE EXPRESS COMPANY OPENLY DEFIED THE LAW.

The strong class feelings engendered by a general strike is not to be desired by "identity of interests" advocates, nor is the further illustration to the rank and file, of the impotency of their present form of organization, which cross-cuts industry but cannot paralyze it.

A further statement to the mass-meeting by this Mr. Tobin, who is President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, is worthy of consideration. He said he was astounded to hear that conditions were so miserable among the teamsters; that men worked for as low as \$11 and \$12 per week and had no scale of hours. Remarkable, is it not, that the President of a union can publicly declare his ignorance of the wages paid in a cosmopolitan center and not be fired for incompetency?

Insistence upon the part of some wily politician finally compelled the Mayor to commit himself upon the license dispute. He ordered that all drivers apply for licenses and that no unlicensed driver be accorded police protection, this after the guards were supposed to have been removed. If a striker throws a brick he is summarily accorded "police protection"—to the station house. One may venture the pertinent question to Mayor Gaynor, "Why are the unlicensed drivers not arrested for violation of a city ordinance?"

The Board of Licenses is allowed three days to pass upon applications, during which time, were they so disposed, they could com-

pel the applicants to desist from driving, instead of which the law is suspended.

The Express Companies claim immunity from the regulation, under the Interstate Commerce Act. They have signified their intention of contesting its constitutionality and of demanding Federal protection, if their drivers are molested—a pretext to secure regular soldiers. Wagons to deliver goods in New Jersey have been sent out for New York, and the New York deliveries start from Jersey City bearing signs "Interstate Commerce Only." Thus the law in both states is openly defied.

All day Friday, committees from the strikers waited upon the respective companies and submitted reports to the mass-meeting in the following "encouraging" manner. American Company's—vice-president would "look into the grievances;" Adams Company—"all seemed favorable excepting the clause demanding recognition of the union;" United States Company—"progress."

Saturday afternoon a committee of labor leaders who had hung around Mayor Gaynor's office all day awaiting a response to their offer to arbitrate, received the following letter:

Hon. W. J. Gaynor, Mayor, New York City.

Dear Sir: Although no demand was made on any express company before the strike except by a small body of helpers of the United States Express Company for an increase in pay, the men will be re-employed



in their former positions and at former wages, without discrimination against any because of having left the service, upon their individual applications made not later than Monday, November 7, 1910.

After resumption of work and without delay each company will confer with its employees and endeavor to arrange wages satisfactory to the men and the company.

Yours truly,

Signed by: Adams, American, National, United States and Wells, Fargo Co.

Thus the extremely mild proposition of the union that "the men shall not be discriminated against for any cause whatsoever except for the use of personal violence during the strike," was curtly rejected.

The delay has served simply to increase the impatience of the men, as has the death of one of their number, Peter Roach, who was shot by a strikebreaker, and they are at date of writing (November 10), clamoring for a general strike. They have been joined by nearly 2,000 chauffeurs and cab drivers, who are out not only in sympathy with the expressmen but to demand a weekly wage of \$17.50 and a twelve-hour day, also abolition of the rule holding them responsible for damages to the machines. Detectives at once invaded their hall and searched closets and desks for firearms. If the same degree of officiousness had been displayed in searching strikebreakers, Peter Roach would not have been murdered.

There is, of course, much opposition displayed towards the strikers on the part of the press. Some of New York's wise economists have prophesied that if the strikers win their fight the express companies will immediately raise the rates and pass the weight of the increase along to the pocket-books of the public. Perhaps so, but it convicts the companies of being mighty poor business men. It would be strange indeed if there were loose change in the pockets of the "poor, dear public" that the express corporations wait for a strike as a pretext to extract! Why wait till the day after the strike? Why not increase the rates the day before, to finance the fight against it?

But why should they oppose a strike under such circumstances? Rather would they say "Go ahead, boys. The public will foot the bill."

Surely one cannot explain away their aggressive attitude by assuming that they do not want the strikers "to get the habit."

Mr. Samuel Gompers appeared on the scene for a few days and in co-operation with Tobin and others used his good offices to settle. "I still hope for a settlement so that a general strike may be escaped," he said on November 8.

Mr. Tobin, before leaving for St. Louis, anxiously solicited the appointment of an "honest and impartial board"—this after the Philadelphia arbitrator, decided in favor of the street-car men who had not left the company's employ during the trouble, viz., the gallant battle of last February.

Wm. Ashton, who is now in complete control, announces this morning (November 10) that the Executive Committee's decision on the matter of a general tie-up is to be postponed another forty-eight hours, at the request of the State Board of Mediation and Arbitration. This postponement from day to day has continued now for over a week. The general strike will not occur if the leaders can avoid it. After the gage of battle has been thrown in their teeth by the companies these "brotherly love" unionists solicit further conferences—will do anything but fight.

Meanwhile the men have been joined by the Fifth avenue stage drivers, by the coal drivers and by the ice-cream drivers. They continue to clamor for a general strike and as Mayor Gaynor has issued orders to impound all wagons without licenses, the men are in an excellent strategic position to win.

Here's success to these brave fighters, the *men* who, misled and bewildered, still demand concerted action. May they gain their shorter hours, high wages and ultimately their freedom from labor leaders and wage-slavery!

LATER: Word has just been received that the expressmen's strike was "officially" ended November 12. The Jersey City strikers voted to accept the agreement of the companies, which was accepted by the New York strikers on Thursday night and which the Jersey City strikers rejected on the 11th.

Conditions had reached a point in Greater New York and the surrounding places when a general strike could have





PLENTY OF POLICE PROTECTION—FOR SCABS.

been called at the drop of the hat. The workers could have completely paralyzed the industry of that part of the country, but William Ashton, General Organizer of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, leader of the strike and a Tammany Hall politician, checked the tendency for a general strike. He got the men to agree to a postponement of the strike for one week. This broke the back of the strike. On November 11 a proposal submitted to the men and cooked up by Mayor Gaynor, President Towne, of the Merchants' Association, and Ashton offered a "provisional agreement" and was finally run through.

The strike "leaders" were all on the side of the express companies and most flagrantly sold out the men. They divided them; distracted them; rushed them, and the whole strike fizzled out because the

men trusted to "leaders" to carry on the battle. The men who had refused to sign the agreement were between the Devil and the Deep Sea—the leaders, the men who had signed and Mayor Gaynor who threatened to put two policemen on each wagon. There was nothing for them to do but to yield.

Comrade Louis Duchez says: "It seems to me that it was a good thing for the cause of industrial unionism and class action. The men cannot lie down because the same pressure is behind and they will know better than to trust "labor leaders" the next time. They know they cannot trust to city ordinances requiring scabs to hold licenses. They know that policemen will be used to take their places. They will become revolutionary. They will learn to trust only in themselves.





# BEGINNERS' COURSE IN SOCIALISM

AND THE ECONOMICS OF KARL MARX.

BY

MARY E. MARCY

## NO. II. THE VALUE OF A COMMODITY.

**I**N the last number of the REVIEW we learned that the wageworker's relation to the boss is that of a SELLER of a commodity. Whether you work in a mine, a mill or a factory, whenever you get a job you are SELLING your STRENGTH to work—or your LABOR-POWER to the boss.

We know that LABOR-POWER is a commodity like shoes or hats or stoves.

Now ALL commodities are the product of labor, that is, there was never a commodity that was not the result of the strength and brains of workingmen or women. Workers make shoes; bakers of bread are workmen or women; houses, street cars, trains, palaces, bridges, stoves—all are the product of the laboring man. ALL commodities are the product of labor.

There is one common thing which all commodities contain. This is LABOR. A commodity only has value (exchange value) because it contains human LABOR.

Horses are commodities; cows are commodities; gold is a commodity. HUMAN LABOR has been spent in producing all these. Labor-power is also a commodity, the result of human labor in the past.

Workingmen and women spent LABOR producing you and me. Somebody made bread, sewed shoes, built houses and made clothes FOR US. All the things we ate and drank and wore and used were made by the labor of workingmen and women. Their labor was NECESSARY labor. Without it we should never have grown old enough or strong enough to have LABOR-POWER to sell. Labor was spent in RAISING us to the point where we would be able to work.

The value of a commodity is determined

by the social labor-time necessary to produce it. On page 61 of the Kerr edition of Value, Price & Profit, Marx says:

"It might seem that if the value of a commodity is determined by the quantity of labor bestowed upon its production, the lazier a man, or clumsier a man, the more valuable his commodity, because the greater the time of labor required for finishing the commodity. This, however, would be a sad mistake. You will recollect that I used the word SOCIAL labor, and many points are involved in this qualification.

"In saying that the value of a commodity is determined by the quantity of labor worked up or crystalized in it, we mean the quantity of labor necessary for its production in a given state of society, under certain social average conditions of production, with a given social average intensity, and average skill of the labor employed."

If you spend three months cutting up a log with a pen-knife into a kitchen chair, it will be no more valuable in the end than the kitchen chair made in the big factories where many men working at large machines produce hundreds of chairs in a single day.

Of course, we know that every new improvement in machinery lessens the labor-time needed in making certain commodities. Oil is less valuable than it was ten years ago because it takes less labor-power to produce it. Steel has fallen in value, because owing to the new and improved machinery used in making steel it requires LESS human labor-power for its production.

Suppose every shoe factory in the country were working full time in order to supply the demand for shoes. The factories using the very old fashioned ma-



chinery would require more labor to the shoe than the factories using newer machines, while the 'great, up-to-date factories using the most modern machines would need comparatively little HUMAN labor-power in producing shoes.

The value of shoes would be determined by the AVERAGE (or social) labor-time necessary to make them, or the socially necessary labor contained in all the shoes.

The value of gold or silver is determined in the same way. The necessary social labor needed to produce gold gives it its value. The value of gold rises or falls just as the value of other commodities rise or fall. Today gold is much lower in value than it was twenty years ago, because new methods of production have reduced the social labor needed in gold mining about one-half. If you have twenty dollars in gold it is only of half the value of twenty dollars twenty years ago. It contains only half the labor.

In the same way we may determine the value of laboring-power. "Like every other commodity its value is determined by the quantity (or time) of labor necessary to produce it.

"The laboring-power of a man exists

only in his living individuality. A certain mass of necessities must be consumed by a man to grow up and maintain his life. But the man, like the machine will wear out, and must be replaced by another man. Besides the mass of necessities required for his own maintenance, he wants another amount of necessities to bring up a certain quota of children that are to replace him on the labor market and to perpetuate the race of laborers. \* \* \* It will be seen that the value of laboring-power is determined by the value of the necessities required to produce, develop, maintain and perpetuate the laboring-power." (Value, Price & Profit, pp. 75-76.)

The value of a man's labor-power is determined by the social labor necessary to produce it, Marx says. This means food, clothing, shelter (the necessities of life) and it means a little more than this. It means something additional to rear a boy or girl to take your place in the shop or factory when you grow too old to keep up the fierce pace set by the boss.

Enough to live on and to raise workers to take our places—this is the value of our labor-power, if we are wage-workers.

## QUESTIONS.

What is a commodity? What does the wage-worker sell to his employer?

What determines the value of a commodity?

What do we mean by SOCIAL labor-power?

Are matches less valuable now than they were ten years ago? Why?

Have commodities in general decreased in value in the last ten years of improved machine production? Why?

Name commodities that have decreased in value. Has rubber increased in value? Why?

Does it take less labor-power to weave cloth, to make cement; to slaughter hogs than it did twenty years ago? Why?

Remember that SCARCITY may cause a commodity to exchange (sell) above or below its value, but it does not make

value. Marx says that Value is human labor (in the abstract).

(Note.) We shall expect those taking up the Beginners' Course now running in the REVIEW to read Value, Price and Profit, by Marx, in connection with these lessons. Mrs. Marcy will be glad to reply to brief questions from REVIEW subscribers who are taking up this Course. This applies only to questions pertaining to the lessons.

Every class should have at least one set of Marx's Capital for reference in connection with these lessons. The Table of Contents in these three volumes is a splendid guide to students. Price, \$2.00 a volume. For \$6.00 sent us for six NEW REVIEW subscriptions, we will send the three volumes as premiums, prepaying expressage.



# NEWS FROM EUROPE

BY

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

## THE GREAT FRENCH RAILWAY STRIKE THE LEAVEN OF SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND



NO CARS MOVING.

**C**ONTEMPORANEOUS with the strike on the French railways is the Republican revolution in Portugal.

The city of Lisbon has been bombarded, many hundreds of people have been killed. Houses and churches have been ransacked and pillaged. A monarchy has been toppled over, a king and his pet dog driven into exile. Holy fathers and fathers whose children are recorded have been imprisoned and persecuted. A bourgeois republic has been born and the world has scarce felt the labor pains.

But when 200,000 workers reserve their labor power for a day, the exploiters throw up their white, smooth hands in horror and dismay, the warped and prostituted brains

of the scribblers conjure fantasies of the "French Peril," "The Red Spectre in France." The same papers that condone murder and rapine by their class in Portugal condemn the workers of France who are asking for the miserable pittance of 5 francs a day—petty things are distorted and magnified into heinous crime. The French government is called upon to end the strike without delay; no matter what the cost, the strikers must be whipped into submission.

Not because any violence had been committed. There had been no violence, no rough hands have been laid on the company or state railway property. The rough hands had been withdrawn. The machinery





SUBURBANITES OBLIGED TO WALK.

on which civilization so much depends has stopped. White hands were useless, unfit for work that is worth while. The rough hands were idle.

The capitalist class shudder and cringe in fear when they contemplate the effect of a general strike. In France they well know that the strike is the weapon of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* and that when the time comes the government as it now exists, the state itself, will be swept away, and in its stead an Industrial Democracy established.

The question is asked, is this the beginning of the end? Then comes the mobilization order, the railroaders are reservists,

the strike will be broken. But it is also announced that all demands of the strikers have been granted.

It is impossible to follow the present strike without rapidly glancing at the industrial movement as it is in France today. In France the labor movement is revolutionary, based on the class struggle, the general strike a basis of operation. This is the great difference between France and other countries; here they have lost much of the prevailing ideas in England for example—the hope of amelioration by legislation.

Millerand and Briand have dispelled their illusions of friends in court.

The Frenchman strongly objects to build-



ENGINE STALLED AT INTERSECTION TO BLOCK TRAFFIC.

ing up huge reserve funds, while the bank-book is a source of great pride to British trades unionists, especially the leaders, who devote their time principally to boosting themselves for parliament, preventing strikes and protecting their money bags.

The industrialists of France have no contracts with their employers, so when, as in the present strike, they get tired of the procrustinating policy of the corporation, transportation stops and Paris goes to bed in the dark.

Boulogne, France.

**I**NDUSTRIAL unionism is the question of the hour in Great Britain. It is creating more interest in workingclass circles than all other matters combined. Everywhere I speak there are questions on Industrial Unionism, the informal after-meetings have been devoted to this subject, which is now approached with some understanding and a manifest desire on the part of all for something that means solidarity.

The general condition of the work people of this country is mean and miserable in the extreme, and the extent of unemployment and pauperism is a glaring disgrace. This is a state that America is rapidly declining toward. The misery here continues to grow worse, in face of the fact that the trade unions of Great Britain are twice as strong in numbers as in the United States and they have only one-half the population to deal with.

But here is the significant thing. The employers are organized industrially and politically, while the workers are divided into as many sections as the semblance of a trade or craft will permit. The utter foolishness of craft distinction among workers who are absolutely dependent upon each other is now being realized, as is evidenced by the action of the recent Trades Union Congress held at Sheffield, when the following resolution was adopted by a vote of 1,175,000 for, and 256,000 against:

"That in the opinion of this Congress the present system of sectional trade unionism is unable to successfully combat the encroachments of modern capitalism and, while, recognizing the usefulness of sectional trades unionism in the past and present, the congress realizes that much greater achievements are possible and the redemp-

tion of the working class would be hastened if all the existing unions were amalgamated by industries, one central executive elected by the combined unions, and, with power to act unitedly whenever there is a strike or lockout in any industry, thus making a grievance of one the concern of all. The congress therefore instructs its Parliamentary Committee to put themselves in communication with all the Trade Unions in the country to ascertain their views on the above question, also to promote a general scheme of amalgamation and make a recommendation on the matter to the next Congress."

This resolution shows that even the British leaders of labor, who usually wake up last, are now aroused to the ineffectiveness of trade unions against the encroachments of capitalism.

It is a long call from the Erfurt Congress of June, 1872, where the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

In consideration of the fact, that the capitalist power *equally oppresses and exploits all workingmen*, no matter whether they are conservative, progressive, liberal or Social Democrats, this congress declares it to be the sacred *duty* of the working men to *lay aside all party strife*, in order to create the conditions for a vigorous and successful resistance *on the neutral ground* of a united *trades union organization*, to secure their threatened existence and to conquer for themselves an improvement in their class condition."

It is rather remarkable that the aims and sentiments of the Erfurt program are now expressed in the Trade Union Congress of Great Britain. Still more remarkable would it be to trace the development during the lapse of years it has required, "Made in Germany" has never been a recommendation for anything in this country. So the Erfurt program is accepted only when it is hoary with age, having traveled along the halls of time, percolating on its way through the brains of the workers of America and Australia. The Knights of Labor recognized "that the capitalist power equally oppresses and exploits all workingmen" and met "on the neutral ground of a united trades union organization."

Out of the loins of the K. of L. came the Western Federation of Miners, its members one and all feeling and breathing the



class struggle. The spirit of the K. of L. was incarnated in the Western Labor Union. Then came the American Labor Union to create a still more "vigorous and successful resistance" against "capitalist power."

Accepting the words of Bebel that, "membership in a labor union is a necessity of life for every workingman." To render it possible for all workers to become members of a labor organization and avail themselves of a "necessity of life," the most progressive and militant labor organizations of the United States in July, 1905, merged into the Industrial Workers of the World. The manifesto of this organization carried conviction, as it conveyed the truth of the class struggle and a hope to all oppressed and exploited. It reached across the waters of the Pacific to Australia, was adopted in the antipodes, and now Tom Mann brings it to England. Who is he? An industrialist—that is enough. If you would know more, here it is:

"He was born in Foleshill, a mining district of Warwickshire, in 1856. At the age of nine years, he was put to work on a farm. Two years later, he was sent to work down the mine and on the pithead. At 14 years, he was apprenticed to engineering in Birmingham. In 1877, he settled in London. In 1881 he joined the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and has been closely identified with the trade union movement ever since. In 1885, becoming a Socialist, he joined the Battersea branch of the S. D. F., and, in that year, assisted John Burns in his Parliamentary candidature for West Nottingham, an occasion on which the redoubtable John polled 598 votes out of an aggregate of 11,064.

"Mann took an active part along with John Burns and Ben Tillett in the memorable Dock Strike of 1889, and became president of the Dockers' Union. He was appointed, subsequently, as a member of the Royal Commission to investigate the conditions of labor.

"His advocacy of Socialism resulted in his arrest in Hamburg in 1896, and his expulsion from Paris in May, 1897. He became, in later years, a prime favorite at miners' annual demonstrations, and addressed the Fife miners at a gala day celebration fifteen years ago. In 1900 he left for Australia. In that colony he continued

to pursue his advocacy of Socialism and was so successful that at Broken Hill, N. S. W., he was arrested, about a year ago, charged with having fomented a strike and caused a riot amongst the miners. Knowing that no Broken Hill jury would ever convict Tom Mann, the authorities had the trial fixed at the town of Albury, 1,000 miles away, a place populated and owned by rich sheep farmers. He was acquitted, however. He returned to England in the spring of the present year. He immediately joined the Social Democratic party, and is pursuing a vigorous campaign and is drawing huge audiences. A feature of his work is his advocacy of the consolidation of Trade Union forces, urging the unorganized to organize, appealing to the organized to federate and to display a spirit of solidarity, taking for his motto 'Each for all and all for each.'"

He speaks for himself, and here are his views on industrial unionism:

"It is in the ascendancy, and it is well that all reformers and revolutionaries should therefore be alive to what it means, and if it ought to be killed, to take action to kill it, but if it should be helped, to act accordingly.

"My industrial and political faith is as follows: 1st. Industrial solidarity is the real power to effect economic changes. By this I mean that even though resort be had to Parliament, it is only effective when the demand is made as the result of intelligent and courageous industrial organization. It was thus that the factory acts were obtained and all other legislation that in any degree is economically advantageous to the workers. 2d. The chief economic change must be the reduction of working hours. All through our industrial history nothing stands out more clearly than this, that the reducing of working hours is a genuine method of raising the standard, economically and ethically correct. 3rd. By a drastic reduction of working hours, we can absorb the unemployed. The cure for unemployment is the chief concern of Revolutionaries and Reformers, and the most natural, most simple and most effective of all methods is, by absorbing them into the ranks of the employed so apportioning the work to be done over the total number to do it. 4th. By removing competition for work we gain the power to get higher

wages. 5th. It is necessary for every worker to belong to a union and for every union to unite with every other union in the same industry. 6th. Unite to fight, fight to achieve your economic emancipation. 7th. Under existing circumstances it is not desirable that membership of an industrial organization should pledge one to specific political action. 8th. Parliamentary action is secondary in importance to industrial action; it is industrial action alone that makes political action effective, but with or without Parliamentary action, industrial solidarity will ensure economic freedom, and therefore the abolition of capitalism and all its accompanying poverty and misery. 9th. To ensure industrial solidarity it is necessary that the finances of the unions should be so kept that the Friendly Society benefits should be kept entirely separate from the

industrial; so that every union on its industrial side may amalgamate with every other union in the same industry."

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The National Union of Ship's Stewards, Cooks, Butchers & Bakers, have held a meeting and decided to take part in a Congress to be held in London, November 10, to amalgamate all now affiliated Transport Workers, a total membership of 262,450.

November 26 a conference will be held in Manchester for the purpose of hearing and giving opinions on Industrial Unionism. In the meantime the subject is being discussed in newspapers, from the platform, with a general distribution of pamphlets. If this good work is augmented and vigorously continued, these chaps may yet sing "Britons never, never, shall be slaves."

Let me say to you, my fellow workers, that the hour has struck for a great change in the world of organized labor. Long enough have we suffered ourselves to blindly and stupidly follow a leadership that has misled and deceived and betrayed. Long enough have we been clubbed by the police, and it may be pertinent to observe that when the club of a policeman descends upon the head of a workingman he hears the echo of the vote he cast at the preceding election.—Debs.





COTTON PICKER'S HOME.

## IN OLE ALABAM

BY

ELLEN WETHERELL

**R**ATHBONE?" The woman's voice was an unusually sweet and soft one, and Rathbone turned lazily on his stomach that he might hear the better.

"Dey's kick'n up pow'ful in ole Alabam." As she spoke she tucked a refractory "corn row" back under her pink sunbonnet. "And I reck'ns deys gittin ready fo' dat day of judgement."

"Who tole yo'?" asked the man pushing his bare black toes deep into the warm gray soil.

"Who tole me?" exclaimed the woman loftily. "Dat's my business, Rathbone. I tole yo' de fac', deys kick'n up pow'ful in ole Alabam, an' I reck'ns dat day ob judgement aint fur off."

"Who tole yo'?" repeated the man per-

emptorily, withdrawing his dusky toes from the hot sand only to push them the deeper into the moist heat.

The woman knew Rathbone's temper and yielded. "Dat's Tilly's Sam's news," said she, "come straight. Sam he saw de mos' ob it and heard mo', and Sam he reck'ns wid me de day ob judgement am on its way toe ole Alabam."

"Curse Sam and de day ob judgement, why doan de papers gib it toe us heah?"

The man pulled an arm thick with purple whipcords from beneath his head and rolled onto his back. "De papers lie an' lie."

Again the woman shook back the beligerent "cornrow" into the depths of her pink sunbonnet and tossed the remnants of the dinner to the watchful birds. "Rath-



TILLY'S SAM.

bone," said she, "yo' know why de colored folks doan hab de news in de papers, yo' knows dey doan mean us toe know de truff ob dese things—an' so deys work'n fo' dat day ob judgement. But Ize heard heaps from Tilly's Sam. Sam's riz toe de 'casion an' tole all he knows. Sam he am gwine back, but he am gwine back toe work for his people."

The woman stood up, tall, straight and handsome, her face, with its smooth yellow skin, aglow with intelligence.

"Yas, Sam, he am a gwine back toe work fo' his people," she repeated.

Rathbone turned his somber black eyes up to his wife's clear, hopeful ones; he noticed her straight, lithe form, and he recognized her strength; then his glance dropped to his own rude limbs, he laid his hand on the swelling bunch of purple whipcords of his right arm and drawled: "Dars muscle 'nuff, Nelly; am it muscle Tilly's Sam gwine toe use fo' his people?"

"It certainly am, Rathbone," replied she. "Muscle an' de grace de Lord gibs both fo' de work." She tied the strings of her pink sunbonnet ihto a hard knot.

"But how 'bout brains. Nelly?" testily asked her husband.

"It's toime wes at de pick'n, Rathbone, but I reck'ns dat brains go 'long wid de grace."

Rathbone shook himself angrily, every whipcord in his dusky arm purpling.

"Dar's brains at Tallahassee, doe yo' 'low dar's grace dar. Dar's brains in ole Alabam, whar black men's am tied toe trees an' burned toe death; doe yo' 'low dar's grace dar? Dar's brains, heaps of dem, in Washin'ton; doe yo' 'low dar's grace dar? Dar's brains way norf in Boston (here Rathbone laughed, a bitter, caustic laugh), "way norf in Boston, whar brains am born; doe yo' 'low dars grace dar?"

"Rathbone," said Nelly solemnly, "Boston am out of de question; nebber could dar be a bur'n dar, nor lynch'ns, nor cutt'ns up loike what am a gwine on in ole Alabam."

Again Rathbone shook himself angrily, his slumbrous eyes kindling. "No, Nelly," he cried, "no lynch'ns, no bur'ns black mens alive way norf in Boston!" He slowly rose to his feet, stretched his bare, black arms into the radiant air. "But what am Boston a doin' fo' de black mens; am dey habben a chance in de Boston schools as teachers, am dey habben a chance in de Boston stoe's as clerks? Am de black mens habben a chance toe sit in de white men's parlors as dar frens? Am de black mens habben a chance in de white men's church wid de white Christian? Am de black mens habben a chance in de gubbenment ob Boston, ob which dey am a part? No, no, let Tilly's Sam doe all he can fo' his people, but dar it stans. Slavery did it, Nelly, an' de curse am still at work."

Rathbone and Nelly were now way down in the field. Nelly's pink sunbonnet nodding close to her husband's head, her lithe, yellow fingers darting in and out among the bursting cotton bolles.

"Rathbone?" she drawled sweetly, "what am a gwine toe mak de change?"

"I nebber reck'n dar's gwine toe be any change," said he, "long's de color ob de skin an' de kink in de har am a separatin' line 'tween peoples."

Nelly shook her head at her husband from over her basket. "I reckon dat line can be rub out."

"Rub out," cried he. "Yas, yas, rub





IN THE COTTON FIELDS.

out wid blood, de black man's blood an' de white man's blood toe mak de peoples free."

"No, Rathbone," said she. "Not wid blood; no rub out dat line wid blood. 'Tis de Lord's work, 'tis de Lord's hand dat will rub out dat line."

"Dat separatin' line am drawn mighty sharp way norf in Boston," said Rathbone contentiously.

There was a long pause in their colloquy when Nelly broke the silence with, "Rathbone, am yo' a gwine toe work fo' your people?"

Rathbone's basket was swung high at his side, bursting white with the snowy white cotton.

"Ize gwine toe work fo' nobuddy," said he doggedly.

Rathbone's voice, musical as it was, grated harshly on Nelly's ear.

"Yo's needed," said she. "Yo's has a pow'ful speech an' what wid de grace I reck'ns yo's beats Tilly's Sam."

Rathbone swung his basket to his shoulder, replying: "Ize gwine toe work fo' nobuddy."

"Yo's only needs de grace, Rathbone," pleaded Nelly. "Tilly's Sam has de grace."

"Who tole yo'," said Rathbone. "Sam?"

Of Rathbone's irony Nelly took no heed. "Sam he tole nothin'," said she.

"But dem stories ob bur'n colored folks alive, all facts said Tilly's Sam, an' Sam he reck'ns wid me dat de day ob judgement am a comin' fas' toe ole Alabam."

"What's Sam gwine toe doe 'bout it?" drawled Rathbone lazily.

"Tilly's Sam he doan say what he am gwine toe doe, but I reck'n he knows, an' he's gwine toe doe it mighty quick."

"Did Sam tell yo' de whole ob dat las' affair," asked Rathbone carelessly.

Nelly threw up her smooth, yellow arms in a deprecatory manner.

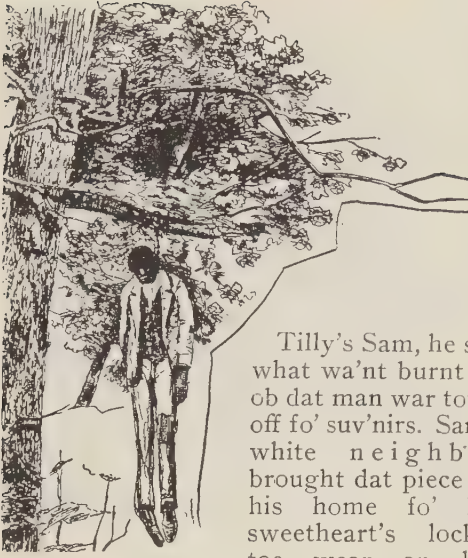
"All ob it an' mo'."

"What mo'?" asked he.

"'Bout dat Texas burn'," she replied.

"Tilly's Sam he say dat war 'Merica's greatest shame yet. Sam, he say de white min'sters ob de gospel look on at dat, an' de railroads run 'scursion trains toe de scene, cheap fares fo' ebbery body. An' Sam, he say dat one ob his neighbors, a 'spectable white man, cut off à piece ob dat black man while he war a ag'nizin'. Sam he saw dat piece, an' he say dat 'twar all he could doe toe hole onto hisself while dat neighbor war a talkin' 'bout it, *how de right t'ing had been done toe dat nigger.*"

It was a blue flame that leaped from Rathbone's eyes, while for a moment a smile infernal contorted his heavy features. "And what nex'?" said he.



Tilly's Sam, he say what wa'nt burnt up ob dat man war toted off fo' suv'nirs. Sam's white neighbor brought dat piece ob his home fo' his sweetheart's locket toe wear on her bosom."

"God! God! God!"

It was a wild, passionate cry, wrung from Rathbone's heart.

"God! God! God!"

There was a long silence between Rathbone and Nelly after this, then he broke out with:

"Look a heah, Nelly, I reckon Sam wants toe be lynched."

The woman lifted her luminous eyes to her husband's inquiringly.

"Am yo' afeared, Rathbone?" said she.

Rathbone thrust a bunch of foamy cotton into his basket and quickly replied:

"Afeared ob nothin,' afeared ob nobuddy, an' fo' nobuddy, but I reckon Tilly's Sam'll be lynched."

"Tilly's Sam hab de grace fo' all things," said Nelly piously.

Again there was a long silence on Rathbone's side of the row. From her side Nelly kept up an inarticulate running melody of sound, every period rhythmically ending with, "An de day ob judgement am a comin' toe ole Alabam."

The brilliant tropical sun was slowly wheeling into the west. High against the deepening sky the brown-winged buzzard was dipping its wings to the evening breeze. The moist, hot air pulsated and shimmered. Upon the clump of pines, away across the fields, a portentous shadow rested. Rathbone saw it and drawled, "Mos' six."

Nelly was far down in the row, but she was coming on fast, her nimble fingers darting like humming birds in and out among the white exuberant blooms. When she was within hearing distance Rathbone spoke.

"Yo' reckon Tilly's Sam equal toe it?"

Nelly's eyes, undimmed by toil or fear, were raised to Rathbone's.

"De Lord am back ob Tilly's Sam," said she.

Rathbone nodded and drawled, "But if Washington doan heah de voice ob de Lord, Nelly?"

"It hab got toe heah," said she. "Washington hab got toe heah de voice ob de Lord speaking fo' Tilly's Sam; Washington hab got toe heah de voice ob de Lord telling ob de wrongs ob His peoples; an'," she continued, dat day of judgement am a comin' toe ole Alabam."

At Nelly's words Rathbone arose to his full height, his somber eyes lighted with hope, a smile of happy expectancy played over his features; his whole being quivered with life; the prophetic spirit of his race was upon him, and by a divine impulse he was moved to speech.

"Yas! Yas! Washington hab got toe heah. Yas! Yas! Boston hab got toe heah. De whole world hab got toe heah, fo' it am de Lord Jehovah speakin' froo' His peoples. It am de voice ob Justice a cryin' out. Tilly's Sam am gwine toe be heard, an' every black man am a gwine toe be heard when Love an' Justice speaks froo' him. The black womens am a gwine toe be heard; dey am a risin' in dar might, dey am a risin' in dar love ob justice, dey am a risin' in de glory ob de Lord! All mens must be free an' equal, all womens must be free an' equal: dis am de gold'n rule ob gov'ment; let ebery black man and woman know it, let ebery white man an' woman believe it, fo' it am God's word. Free an' equal sing de hills. Free an' equal shout de seas. Free an' equal thunders roll. Free an' equal ebery soul." Triumphantly Rathbone's voice rang out on the radiant air.

"Glory! Glory!" cried Nelly, ecstaticly.

The summer night was close at hand. The long day's work for Rathbone and Nelly was over, and, happy in hope, they passed from the field to their home.



# STORIES ABOUT PRINTERS

BY

J. H. FRASER

IT was one of those cold, soggy-wet autumn nights when the fire felt good and when one was inclined to spend the evening indoors, that several of us drifted into the newly established Quad Club. We hadn't much of a library at that time and our pool and billiard tables were not in the best condition. The club was formed entirely of men employed in the printing industry, and of course that meant a large majority of Socialists.

The conversation turned naturally to Socialism and to Socialist party tactics. White and Wilson, two old-timers, were having quite an animated discussion over the best method of reaching the working class and I strolled over to hear the argument.

"Did you ever read the works of Marx, Engels, Kautsky, Lafargue or Bebel, or any of the others?" asked Wilson.

"No," said White. "I have been too busy attending ward meetings and soap-boxing and talking Socialism to find any spare time for reading. I suppose those things are all right, but then you know they are so dry that when I try to read them I fall asleep. I——"

But Wilson could restrain himself no longer and with more force than politeness he told White the amount of harm he had probably done the Socialist movement by claiming all kinds of impossible things for Socialism, and concluded with these words:

"You are busy talking Socialism, are you? Well, if you have never read any books on the Socialist philosophy, how do you know whether you are talking Socialism or not? If you have not read and studied up on economics, how do you know that the measures which you advocate are for the benefit of the working class or not? You are busy soap-boxing, are you? Well, it's small wonder that every once in a while we see columns of valuable space taken up with articles try-

ing to explain what is the matter with the party. I'll tell you what's the matter with the party, there are not enough Socialists in it."

There were a few minutes of silence and then some one proposed that Wilson should tell how and where he became a Socialist. He objected at first, but the audience demanded to hear the story, and so, after selecting a comfortable chair, he told us the following:

Dan Bane had been known for fifteen or twenty years as one of the most far-sighted and progressive members of the union. Socialism had never been discussed in union meetings, nor had Dan ever chanced to work with a Socialist. He knew that the working class had to fight constantly in order to live at all, and as he had seen the working class repeatedly betrayed by 'friends of labor,' he came to the conclusion that labor had nothing to gain by electing politicians on whatever ticket they might choose to run. He was quite positive in his own mind that it didn't make much difference to a politician what colored flag he sailed under so long as it landed him in a job.

"But Dan was an intelligent man and quite a student. He had read works of Thomas Paine and other radical literature, but he was sure that the best thing a working man could do, at the time we first met, was to vote for Bryan.

"I was almost as ignorant of the principles of Socialism as Dan, although I had read one or two of the papers occasionally.

"One night we started for union meeting, and as we crossed Wilson square we saw a crowd gathered about a stand or box, where a banner was displayed announcing a Socialist meeting. I suggested that we stop and listen. Dan agreed, rather reluctantly, I thought. He was such a red-hot union man that he always wanted to be on time.

"The chairman of the meeting mounted the platform and made several announcements about Socialist excursions and dances and entertainments of various kinds, offering tickets for sale for all of them. He then announced that the speaker of the evening, 'a prominent and well known Socialist,' would talk to us about things of great importance to labor.

"A young and fairly intelligent looking man took his place. He didn't seem to be embarrassed or at all confused. After looking his audience over coolly and with great deliberation, he began to speak. First he told of how the Socialist party had been endorsed by various 'eminent divines,' naming them all. He next told of the great authors, and authors not quite so great, who had spoken favorably of Socialism. All this wearied Dan and me, but we were determined to investigate this question, so we stuck.

"The speaker launched into a criticism of the men in power and closed with the following words:

"'Who is responsible for the rottenness in the government of this city? Who is? I ask. Dare you answer that? No, you dare not. It is you working men. It is you who elect dishonest officials. There is only one way to get honest men in power, and that is by electing members of the Socialist party to office.'

"'Come, let's beat it,' said Dan. And I was quite willing to go.

"We walked along in silence for a time and suddenly Dan turned on me almost fiercely and said:

"'Jim, you and I have worked all over this country, and also in Canada. We have worked in towns which were pocket editions of heaven as far as graft was concerned. I worked three years in Greenville, Ont., and in that time the only graft that could be discovered was the time the sheriff collected eleven cents for mileage when he had walked the distance. Then I worked in Elmville, N. Y., and there some graft was discovered in the city government. And here there is a lot of it. But somehow I don't seem to have any more money while working in one place than in another. How have you found it?'

"I had the same experiences and had

reached about the same conclusions, and told him so.

"I learned my trade in a small city where living was cheap and wages were low. Graft was unknown there, but the working class wasn't any better fed nor housed nor clothed than they were in the most graft-ridden city I have ever been in. By the time we had reached our destination we had come to the conclusion that graft in politics has very little to do with the condition of the working class.

"By the time we arrived at the hall we found the meeting in progress. The report of the scale committee was under discussion.

"The union's demands were not very modest, I'll admit, but we were working for low wages, and worse still, far too many hours. Where workmen in an industry work too hard or too many hours per day the periods of unemployment are invariably longer and more frequent than in lines where by shortening their work time the men cause a scarcity of help.

"The proposition for consideration called for an immediate reduction in hours and an immediate increase in wages. The radicals applauded vigorously several times during the reading of the report. In fact, it was easy to see that the sentiment was overwhelmingly for an immediate adoption of the report. Some wanted a few changes, and the few "capitalists" at the meeting opposed its adoption. By capitalists I mean those working men who always take the employer's side in every argument.

"The spokesman of this contingent argued that it would not be right to demand a raise on such short notice; that it would show that we had no respect for the rights of others, also that we were immoral and unchristian, and that the employers, having been saving and thrifty, had built up their various establishments and were entitled to some consideration because of this fact; they had been so kind as to give employment to a large number of men, and further, they were entitled to compensation for risks and for the exertion necessary to superintendence.

"The speech lasted about a half hour



and had a great effect upon the audience. Of course it wouldn't be tolerated now, but in those days very few working men had developed the faculty of thinking for themselves. His closing sentence seemed to have more effect than any other part of his speech, when he said:

"Now, men, I say it would be unjust and very wrong of us to take advantage of these employers after they have been so fair to us. Remember, God in his infinite goodness, gave the wealth of the world into the hands of those best fitted to administer it. Remember, also, the saying of St. Paul: 'The powers that be are ordained of God.'"

"When one of the radicals asked permission to speak he was told to be brief and to the point. This speaker was a master of the English language and knew how to say the right thing at the right time.

"He called attention to the fact that, while wages had advanced, the prices of other commodities had risen much more rapidly, and that though our money wages might be higher, our real wages, that is, what we could purchase with what we received, had decrease at least a third. He spoke also of the laws which had been made in the interest of the capitalists and how, if we would elect our own men to fill the political offices, we could do likewise; but at this point the chairman stopped him with: 'You can't talk Socialism here; this is no political meeting,' and refused to permit him to say anything more. Cries of 'Go on! More! More of that!' were heard from all over the hall, but the chairman refused to reverse his decision.

"Before I knew what I was doing I was out on the floor demanding permission to speak. I first demanded to know if the last speaker had been talking Socialism, and he replied 'Yes,' quick as a flash. Then I said that, in my opinion, the working class and the employing class had nothing in common, that whatever was to our interest was opposed to theirs, and that if the ensuing struggle was the basis of the Socialist philosophy, a union man could hardly be anything else but a Socialist. Cries of 'Right you are!' and 'Hear, hear!' rang through the hall, but down came the

chairman's gavel and I was ruled off the floor.

"Then Dan went into action. The chairman feared him. As I said before, he was a revolutionist and had the good will of the large majority of the membership. He started in by saying that if what he had heard about Socialism were true, he was heartily in favor of it, but it was far different from the brand talked on some street corners or in the leaflets which had been left at the boarding house by so-called Socialists.

"'But,' he said, 'I agree with the chairman, we should not discuss politics here today. We have something of more immediate importance. Whatever benefits have come to the working class have come through unions. We have mixed in politics all our lives and always with the same result. Some of us have mixed with the churches. In both cases we have supported loafers who had no legitimate excuse for being on earth. I am perfectly willing to let the political argument rest where it is, but inasmuch as the first speaker dragged religion and morality into his argument, I believe it to be my duty to answer him.

"'He says it is not right for us to make these demands. To my mind, the employers have shown where they stand in regard to right and wrong. This is not a question of right or wrong. It is a question of power. If our masters had the power to make us, we would work for about four dollars per week and longer hours than we do now. It is only because we are powerful that we are in position to demand more.

"'He quotes St. Paul to prove that I shouldn't have a raise in wages. This appears to me far fetched. St. Paul is not a member of this organization and should have no voice in its conduct.

"'This brings us back to the subject of the day. The price of living has advanced more rapidly than our wages, while the very reverse should be the case. Our employers are constantly increasing the size of their establishments and are constantly installing new labor-saving machinery, paid for with the profits from our labor. We should have the benefits of it. Let it be real labor-saving. Let us work less hours per week and also get that raise.'

"As Dan sat down the storm of applause that broke loose shook the building, and cries of 'Question,' 'Question,' rang from a thousand throats. Of course you all know what happened. The employers couldn't stand a strike and so gave us everything we asked.

"I started out to tell you how I became a Socialist. After that meeting the Socialist who had spoken hunted me out and handed me a small pamphlet which showed much signs of wear. He told me that it told about what the Socialist movement stood for and requested that I read it. I opened it carelessly and there on the first page and in the very first line, I read:

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles.' I didn't understand the book very well as a whole but sentences all through it struck me forcibly and I read it and re-read it time and again and I found that it very nearly expressed my view of the existing system. After that Dan and I read about everything printed in the English language on the subject of Socialism. But the one paragraph which astonished us both when we first read it was the follow-

ing." Here Wilson pulled a well-worn copy of the Communist Manifesto from his pocket and proceeded to read:

"When, in the course of development, class distinctions have disappeared, and all production has been concentrated in the hands of a vast association of the whole nation, the public power will lose its political character. Political power properly so called, is merely the organized power of one class for oppressing another. If the proletariat during its contest with the bourgeoisie is compelled by the force of circumstances to organize itself as a class; if, by means of a revolution, it makes itself the ruling class, and, as such, sweeps away by force the old conditions of production; then it will, along with these conditions, have swept away the conditions for the existence of class antagonisms, and of classes generally, and will thereby have abolished its own supremacy as a class.' This seems to be the view of the founders of the Socialist movement in regard to politics. A political party can be a great weapon in the final struggle. The need of the party today is education, as well as politics.

There is no escape for you from wage-slavery by yourself, but while you cannot alone break your fetters, if you will unite with all other workers who are in the same position that you are; that is, if—instead of being bound up in a little union of a score, or a hundred, or thousand, that is almost as helpless to do anything for you as you are to do anything by yourself—if you will join the organization that represents your whole class, you can develop the power that will achieve your freedom and the equal freedom of all.—Debs.





PLANTATION WORKERS.

# CAPITAL IN GUATEMALA

BY

JACK MORTON

**A**LL "good Socialists" know that in the United States our capitalist employers must necessarily give workingmen and women wages enough to buy food, clothing and shelter, because all these things are necessary to the life of the workingmen. And capitalists must have wage-workers.

It is a notorious fact that all they do give us is enough to live on. It matters not where you go, whether you are mining for the Guggenheim interests in Alaska, where "wages are way up," or feeding coal into the new blast furnaces in the Celestial empire among our yellow skinned brothers of the East, where wages are "way down," you always find that you get just about enough in your pay envelope to enable you to live and appear to hold down the job the next day.

And this explains why capitalists are investing money in industries in Guatemala, Central America. There men, women and children do not need much to keep them in working condition. Delicious tropical fruits grow and flourish everywhere. The climate is mild. Reed or rush huts cost almost nothing and neither steam heat nor coal fires are necessary to the welfare of the proletarians. Besides the natives are not at all particular about the make or cut of their clothes. Loose, home-spun shirts and trousers or skirts constitute a costume

that equals the best one's neighbors can muster.

Now if Capital can gobble up the lands in a country like Guatemala, so that the lives of the propertyless natives depend upon their getting work, there is not much left to be desired—from the Capitalists' point of view.

And so they are flocking to Guatemala. The United Fruit Co. of Boston owns the largest banana plantation in the country. It covers 5,000 acres of land and exports annually 300,000 bunches of bananas, the total exports from all sections of Guatemala being 1,500,000 bunches.

Concepcion is perhaps one of the most interesting of the many large plantations. It covers 155,000 acres, near the Pacific coast, and produces ten thousand tons of sugar and 20,000 bags of coffee a year.

The big plantations have miles of private railroad and small cars to bear the coffee and sugar cane from the fields to the factory or shipping point.

The Pacayal estate produces the very finest grade of coffee. Here 8,000 acres are growing the coffee berry. In bloom the fields are a delight to the eye and flaunt myriads of fragrant blossoms.

Here the native Indians count three bushels of berries a good day's work. Their pay is sometimes as high as seven cents a twelve-hour day and a bamboo hut thrown



COFFEE BERRIES.

in. The coffee berries are promptly pulped and shot into fermenting tanks where the gummy coat on the hull is removed. Three bushels of coffee berries, for which the employers pay 5, 6 or 7 cents, produce 30 pounds of the very finest grade of coffee bean.

A recent traveler in Guatemala reported a most astonishing sight at Cantel, where she found a cotton factory of the most modern type run almost entirely by Indian

women and children, who exhibited a marvelous dexterity.

As I talked with our visitor who related her experiences in Central America and who was loud in her praise of the American thrift and industry that was invading the lands, I thought much about the aims of Socialism.

We have been talking about excluding our comrades from Asia and India who come to America to find work; we have fancied that they would take our jobs from us. We have dreamed foolish dreams wherein we saw visions of our brothers from the East excluded from our shores; and we have seen the American workers securing higher wages and shorter hours as a result of this exclusion. And then a new problem confronts us. For we find that Capital has crossed the border line between the United States and Mexico and gone beyond into Central America. There she has built factories and stretched plantations. She has gone yet further; she has carried our jobs TO THE CHINESE and the Hindu. She has reared steel mills and cotton mills in the Far East.

And so we find that our dreams were mistaken visions only. If we prevent our brothers from across the border lands from coming to us, Capitalism and Modern Industry will go to them. There is for us no



DRYING COFFEE.



escape. In spite of our own errors, Capitalism throws us back again into the ranks of the revolution. We see at last that we can not save ourselves alone any more than our English or Italian or German comrades can work out the salvation of the English, Italian or German workers.

Our escape from wage-slavery lies only through the freeing of all the workers of the world. Struggle as we may, Modern Industry is reducing us all to the same low level. By it caste is being borne down in India; skilled workers are reduced to the ranks of unskilled workers as the machine displaces them; proletarians from all over

the world flock to the high priced labor market; capitalists all over the world build factories in a low priced labor market.

And so we have ceased to boast. Pride is no longer a part of us. We are thinking only of how best to reach our brothers and sisters of every color, creed or nationality with the great hope that lies in the Revolution. We have fought and failed as individuals, but we have learned at last that the struggle is an international one. To the proletarians of all the world, we say:

For your own sake; for our sake; workers of the world, let us unite. We have nothing to lose but our chains!

## “GET HIP”

BY

TOM J. LEWIS

IT IS STRANGE that the workers can be hypnotized for such a long period of time with such dope as better wages, shorter hours, three-cent care fare, reduction of taxes and the doing away with graft. Just as if their conditions could be bettered by these things, should any of such schemes be put into effect, including cheaper rents with modern appliances, such as bath tubs, so the workers could keep clean (providing, of course, they would be strong enough to bathe after a week's arduous toil). Better things, a step at a time, the dear evolutionist springs on us, also the “practical” opportunist who is chasing after votes and seeking a soft berth at the expense of the poor slaves. In the meantime he tells the workers of beautiful plans, and what can be achieved if they only listen to him.

That's exactly what the paid officials and business agents of the trade unions are doing with the rank and file, while their own material interests are advanced. Somewhat secured, like the parliamentarians, they forget the suffering of their class. The only way for labor to secure itself is to organize on an industrial basis, and to recognize the necessity of political as well as industrial action. Further, when a member is put into office in the union or elected politically by the workers, he

must at all times be subject as a SERVANT to the organization—to do its will and bidding.

No official to be given power to settle any grievance, but all power must be in the organization, no industrial evolution or “practical” socialism to be talked, but revolution to be taught, and class-consciousness. For evolution in the large industries has done its work. Look them over and see for yourself, Mr. Working-chump; just think and then have another think, then we won't be so patient in hearing some “professor” tell us how many grunts an ordinary pig has, or listening to a sky-pilot orate about the “sweet bye-and-bye,” while our internals are calling for something in the “sweet now and now.” Immediate demands with the continuation of private ownership in the means of life, are so ridiculous as offering any amelioration to the workers as a CLASS, that no revolutionist can give them any consideration.

But apologists of capitalism who have some security, or ambitious office-seekers, see from a different angle. For it is not class-interest, but self-interest, that dominates them. You workers must beware of all that element if you ever intend to come into your own. Look at the recent international congress; wasn't it great? What

do you know about it? According to reports, it was a grand admiration affair of middle-class notions and respectability, with a few things said of the dear working-class. But it would require a powerful glass to discover anything outside of "our growth" to interest the toilers, and that we could learn at greatly reduced expenses.

Oh, we are learning, but how costly this is to the membership. The workers will conduct their own conventions some day. Let's be on our guard, or some one will control the Socialist Party for the capitalist-class as the A. F. of L. is at present, through the civic federation. No relief for the workers in higher wages, better houses, no booze, clean streets, cheap car-fares to skyville, low rents, more parks, free water, reduced taxes, free land. No

relief while the jobs are the property of the masters, to dispose of as they see fit, and the power of the government at their command to enforce their will.

What do we gain though we be cleaner, healthier, also stronger? We only do better work for the masters. That is not what we are seeking, but rather to be better men and women for OURSELVES. Our only hope is revolution, so let us keep manfully to our duties; avoid bunko-peddlers, saviors, hero-worshippers, and leaders. Be our own guides and continually agitate, educate and organize on class, and not on craft, lines.

Always keep in mind that we are going to emancipate OURSELVES from wage-slavery, not in 1950 or the year 2,000, but just as soon as we can and no later than 1916, if we can help it.

## W. D. HAYWOOD IN LONDON

BY

### A COMRADE

**U**P and down England our comrade Haywood has been addressing huge audiences of workers, and electrifying them with his graphic story of how capitalists carry on the Class War in America.

It was therefore with tense expectation that a London audience crowded into the Memorial Hall, Farringdon street, on the evening of Monday, October 24, and besides filling every seat on floor and gallery, many stood during the whole meeting, which lasted over two hours. Comrade Ben Tillett of the Dockers' Union, who presided, spoke warm words of welcome to our hero comrade from over the seas, and this welcome was further emphasized by Comrade James Macdonald of the London Trades Council, speaking for organized labor, and Comrade Dora Montefiore, of the S. D. P. Then the audience rose and stood cheering and clapping Haywood for five minutes, and as the last thunder of applause died away the big miner's voice told in simple, cadenced sentences, the never-to-be-forgotten story of the industrial struggle between the Western Federation of Miners

and the mine owners and capitalists of Colorado.

Both the story and the manner of the telling gripped the audience, and they listened in tense, almost painfully strained silence as the conspiracy on the part of the mine-owners, the long imprisonment, the arousing of the workers, the trial and acquittal, were unrolled before them in vivid earnest language. Then, when Haywood after a scathing indictment of Roosevelt, told how it was to the working class he owed his life, and but for them he would be sleeping in a bed of quicklime, the pent-up passion and excitement of the audience overleaped all bounds, and as the speaker sat down ringing cheers once more greeted him, while handkerchiefs were waved from the galleries, and the "Red Flag" and "International" were sung by all standing.

Outside the hall a party of workers hoisted Comrade Haywood on to their shoulders, and carried him to Fleet street. The English as a nation may be hard to arouse, but they give full meed of recognition to a real man and a comrade when they come across him.





ALBERTA HNETYNKA.

ANNA KRAL.

## THE CHICAGO GARMENT WORKERS

BY

R. DVORAK

**P**ERSONS who look upon the present Garment Workers' strike in Chicago as a pure and simple labor battles are securing only an outward glimpse of the situation.

The strike itself, truly enough, was brought on by a revolt of the poor underpaid girls and boys, men and women. It was a simultaneous upheaval of over 41,000 garment workers brought on by sixteen girls against petty persecution, low wages, abuse and long hours, an upheaval, unorganized at the start, which later took on the form of a fight for recognition of the union.

Behind the scenes, however, shut off from the public view, there is a mortal combat of big and small interests going

on. A combat that is likely to settle, once for all, a battle of many years' standing.

Like every other trustified industry, the production of clothing was at first limited to a number of independent manufacturers. These concerns unhampered by much competition grew to giant proportions.

Chicago, however, grew as rapidly as did the concerns. The city was soon divided into neighborhoods of various nationalities. Among these nationalities there were many venturesome persons who went into the tailoring business and made it a point to appeal to people of their own tongue.

Thus it was that gradually the business of the big concerns began to de-

crease. The more the city grew in population the more small tailor shops sprang up until they were growing, it seemed, over night, like mushrooms.

The big tailors tried various ways of curbing the slump in their business. They increased their volume of advertising. They hired agents. They tried every method known to the business world, but they failed to stop the growth of the cockroach tailors.

Then it was that the consolidation plan was resorted to. The big tailors held a meeting. After several meetings a new concern—one which was expected to curb the growth of the small fellows—or at least render them harmless—was born. This concern was the Chicago Wholesale Clothiers' Association.

All of the big tailoring concerns joined the association but one. This one was the Hart, Schaffner & Marx Company, the largest of the tailoring concerns in Chicago and probably in the United States. This concern refused absolutely to have anything to do with the association, claiming that it would not have its policies dictated by any one but its own stockholders.

Backed by millions of dollars, the association began a campaign of elimination. Agencies were established in different parts of the city and outfitted with sales-

men of the nationality prevalent in the particular location. In this way the little struggling merchant tailor gradually began to be pressed against the wall until from sheer despair he was forced to accept work from the association. In this way the small tailors became contractors.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the renegade firm being fought by the entire association, plunged into the fray with all of its marvelous resources. It also established agencies, but instead of limiting itself to the city the firm spread itself all over the country. Almost every town has today a store known as the home of the Hart, Schaffner & Marx clothes.

The fight of the association against Hart, Schaffner & Marx was a hopeless one. Everywhere the renegade firm scored a victory until the combined powers gradually weakened in their fight and settled down to a campaign of tactics and strategy.

As an initial move, the association resorted to paying the contractors a higher price for work done and gloated over the expected victorious move. For a time it looked as though the association had scored a point, but all of a sudden Hart, Schaffner & Marx sprang a surprise that came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Forty-eight shops were opened by the renegade firm. All of the work was taken



HART, SHAFFNER & MARX BUILDING, HEADQUARTERS FOR SCAB CLOTHING.



away from the contractors. Over 8,000 tailors were hired and placed in the shops. And again the association ground its teeth with disappointment and rage. Once again the lonely renegade had scored on the combined interests and brains.

Finding itself defeated, the association began to vent its rage on the poor scapegoat of a contractor. It cut the prices and raved over even the best work done. The contractor in turn cut the wages of his tailors and charged them for even insignificant errors. Thus little by little the germs of rebellion were being installed in the shops, waiting only for a proper moment to grow into threatening proportions.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, finding itself independent and thoroughly entrenched, decided to reap a harvest while the sun shone. It began by cutting the wages of its employes at every opportunity. The foremen picked out the speediest workers in the shop and made pacemakers out of them by boosting the piece work rates until the highest figure possible was reached.

The foremen and superintendents were given bonuses every time they increased the productive capacity of the shop without increasing the payroll. Whenever a foreman happened to increase the number of garments produced in his shop and also decreased the expense of the firm he received an even higher bonus. This made the foremen money crazy and established a system in the shop that brought suffering and may yet be the means of damaging the firm itself.

Driven crazy with the bonus plan, the foremen resorted to the vilest methods ever installed in a shop. They gave orders to the floormen to shut off the water before and after dinner so that the employes, the majority of whom in many shops were girls, would have no occasion to leave their work.

A pass system was established in most of the other shops, where the employes objected strenuously to having the water shut off, and every worker had to first secure a pass in order to get a drink. Girls who were looked upon as leaders of the other workers in the shop were given positions as foreladies, with instructions to get out as much work as possible.

Bonuses were held in front of the foreladies also and they in turn generally did their best to grind the employes in order to win a bonus.

Gradually the employes in the shops began to gain courage and dissatisfaction began to walk rampant in the establishments. Then in order to smooth the ruffled feathers of the workers the piece-work system was resorted to. The speediest and most experienced workers were placed on a piece-work basis. Their rates were increased from week to week until the high water mark was reached.

As soon as the foremen saw that the pace-maker was doing as much work as he or she was capable of, the rate was gradually lowered, but the same amount of work was required. The dissatisfaction, which had been quieted temporarily with the increased rate, began to grow once more.

There were complaints from married men and married women about the low wages. Person after person pleaded for a higher salary, complaining that the money earned was far from sufficient for a livelihood.

Girls and women who were earning but three to six dollars a week were told to take some of the work home with them in the evening. Many did this and worked until late into the night in an attempt to earn sufficient money to live on during the week.

Many of the girls working with needles sewing on buttons or other work, bought hundreds of needles at one time, and threaded these at home so as to be able to work faster in the shops and thus make more money.

As soon as the girls made what the firm regarded as too much money, they forced the button sewers to draw the needle through the button six times instead of three, as had been the custom. This increased the work on the button without increasing the pay. The girls objected, but were dismissed for their pains and blacklisted in many instances so that they could not secure work in any of the other Hart, Schaffner & Marx shops.

The rate and wage cutting system was becoming so general that secret meetings of the tailors were not uncommon. The indignities showered upon the employes

were reviewed and discussed at these meetings and the rebellion gained a new impetus.

Not satisfied with cutting the rates and wages of the tailors, the firm instituted a system whereby the employes were charged from five to fifteen dollars for the least damage done to a garment. Lost spools, bobbins and other implements were charged up to the workers and taken out of their wages.

During the slack months, the pieceworkers were forced to report for work. They sat around in the shops, work or no work, earning no money, but stifling in the close, dust laden atmosphere of the fabric smelling shops.

When the pre-season months, those that constitute the busy time in the clothing industry, arrived, things changed as if by magic. Every employe was driven at top speed. Girls who had worked late into the night at home, threading needles or doing other work in order to make more money and sidestep the ten-hour law, came down to work next morning almost ill. None, however, were ever allowed to go home when sick.

Girls who asked permission to go home when sick were given some powders—good for every ailment from an earache to a sick stomach. If these powders failed to cure and the girl fainted, as happened several times each day, a doctor was summoned. But never, under any circumstances, was a girl or boy given permission to go home when sick, at least not until more substantial evidence than a sickly appearance or a mere statement was given.

The fine, or charge system, instituted in the shops was the most abominable possible and was the basis of most of the grievances since listed by the strikers. Every employe was forced to punch the time clock three times a day. Failure to punch the clock cost the employe 25 cents.

Work in the shops began at seven-thirty. The clocks had to be punched five minutes before the starting time and the punchers be upstairs at their respective places ready to work. If any of the employes punched the clock one minute late, he or she was "docked" fifteen minutes' time.

In order to avoid being "docked" the employes had to be down at the shops at least fifteen minutes before starting time. Some came even earlier. This was just what the company wanted. As long as the workers came down earlier there was no need of putting in extra elevators and clocks.

The cutters suffered as many indignities as did the tailors. Fifty cents was being paid the cutters for the cutting of one suit. They were not supposed to cut more, but the foreman piled up the goods four and five layers high and made the price rate read, 50 cents for one cut. In this way the cutters made five garments ready for the tailors for the price of one.

Less goods was given the cutters to cut from. The inch of goods given extra, above the size required for a suit, was taken off and the cutters forced to spend more time matching the goods in color and stripe.

If a presser even slightly clouded the garment with his iron he was charged the full price of it. When the cutter even slightly cut into the garment line of the goods he was charged the full price of the coat or pants.

In one instance where a poor tailor, receiving fourteen dollars a week, slightly damaged three pair of pants, the company charged him \$12. He had a family and could not afford to lose almost a whole week's pay. The employes took up a collection and later raffled the trousers off among themselves. There was no harm done them and the winner is wearing them in public every day.

It was such petty persecution by the foremen and cutting in pay that finally brought the great revolt. It came when a foreman attempted to make a forelady from one of the speediest girls in his shop.

The girl had no objection to being a forelady, but she did refuse to accede to the bonus system offered her by her boss. She would not listen to a cutting of the piece work rate of the girls in the shop and absolutely refused to ask them to work at home. She rebelled and finally threw the job at the feet of the boss. This girl was persecuted from that time on.

One day sixteen of the girls in the shop felt ready to "do or die." The leaders, Clara Massalotti, Bessie Abramovitch,





DAILY STRIKE MEETING HOD CARRIERS' HALL.

Rosie Shapiro, had the girls well in hand. Clara Massallotti, only 17 years old, came to the boss and told him that she had enough of the persecution. He laughed at her and told her to go back to work. They argued back and forth until the girl pulled out a little whistle. Before the boss could stop her she had blown it.

Sixteen hands dropped their work. Sixteen aprons went off as one and sixteen girls put on their wraps and left the shop. The boss raved, argued, threatened and entreated. His voice fell on deaf ears. The girls walked out of the building determined to enter it never again until better conditions had been established.

With tears in their eyes the girls walked into the office of Robert Noren, president of district council No. 6 of the United Garment Workers, 275 La Salle street. To him they told their story. He listened patiently and saw that there was a good chance of striking for a union. He telegraphed his opinion to New York.

The sixteen girls did not remain idle. They went to the other shops and told their story. The result was that the next

day almost a thousand girls were on strike in the various shops. They told other girls and before the week was over 2,000 girls were walking the streets of Chicago, blowing whistles and calling others to their aid.

Then came a telegram from New York, and with it word from T. A. Rickert, International President, authorizing a strike of the garment workers. President Noren took immediate action and the thousands of tailors who had been waiting impatiently for such an order, walked out. Before the strike had lasted three weeks 41,000 garment workers had left the shop.

Meanwhile the manufacturers had not been idle. A call was sent into the police headquarters. The police, as has been their habit for years, responded willingly. Foot and mounted policemen were assigned to strike duty and persons who dared to stop near any of the strike bound shops did so at the risk of broken heads or ribs.

Not satisfied, the strike bound concerns hired private sluggers from the McGuire and White and the Mooney and Boland



OUR OWN CHICAGO COSSACKS.

detective agencies. For this additional "protection" the companies paid \$8 a day per slugger.

The result of the wholesale hiring of "protection" was a riot in every part of the city each day. Strikers heads, and even those of people not interested in the struggle, were broken on a wholesale basis each day with clubs and revolver butts. As many as 40 persons were arrested at one time, on their way home from a mass meeting.

At least three girls were brutally clubbed in the streets for daring to reprimand policemen for their brutality. One girl, Stazie Kunes, received a smash from one policeman, number 2453 from the Hinman station, which crushed her lower jaw and broke her teeth.

Hundreds of cases of brutality could be listed in the seven weeks of the strike. Over 275 persons were arrested. Nearly 50 were beaten so bad that they had to receive medical treatment. At least ten of the strikers have been in bed ever since the first week of the strike.

The brutality of the police and slug-gers hired by the strike-bound concerns aided the strikers in one respect. It secured them the sympathy of the public and many influential persons. Now the strikers have determined to never go back to work until the firms agree to recognize the union.

As soon as the little contractors realized that a strike was in earnest, they saw a chance of doing business while the big firms were idle. They held mass meetings in their various localities and voted to stick with the strikers. They unionized their shops by signing up with the union and began to manufacture clothing as fast as the shop forces would allow.

Many of the small tailors even went so far as to secure financial aid for the striking garment workers and urged the various business men in their neighborhoods to do the same. They did this with the hope that Hart, Schaffner and Marx would be defeated and would be forced to unionize its shops.

The union, from the very first week of the strike, realized that all of its energy had to be directed against Hart, Schaffner and Marx. It realized that the big concern was the leader. If it was unionized the others would soon follow. Therefore, all forces at the present time and throughout the strike have been looking to Hart, Schaffner and Marx and its forty-eight shops. The other 100 or more strike-bound concerns are practically ignored. They are the fringe hanging unto the main garment—Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

While the little fellow is lining up with the strikers in the fight, the Clothiers' Association is forced to line up with



the Hart, Schaffner and Marx concern, but it is lining up shrewdly, realizing that sooner or later the renegade will have to

enter the association, secretly, however, hoping that it will be wiped out of the field of competition.



## EVERYBODY ENTHUSIASTIC OVER ELECTION

FROM almost every part of the country state secretaries have written us of immense gains in the party vote on Nov. 8th. The West advanced all along the line—a natural result of the class war being waged against labor by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association. Wisconsin has conquered new fields and Ohio gave a splendid illustration of how class struggles clear the issue and the line of battle. The industrial centers responded nobly. There the workers seemed to arise in their might and they

made a big dent upon the vote of the entire country.

California astonished everybody and will surely give General Otis and his colleagues something to think over.

Secretary Floaten of Colorado writes: In several small towns we had more votes than either of the old parties. Returns are coming in slowly. More later.

Comrade Jacobsen, state secretary of Iowa, reports gains all along the line and every report bringing in an increase in the total vote.

Secretary Hibner says: "Gas City, Kan., carried; coroner and surveyor elected in Montgomery county. Coroner elected in Labette county. Crawford county (the home of *The Appeal*) polled the largest vote in its history. From all returns think the vote has increased wonderfully."

Secretary Killingbeck reports a splendid increase all over New Jersey. Estimates the total vote at 15,000—50 per cent increase over presidential year.

Comrade Jud Harris, state secretary of Nevada, reports unofficial vote at 4,000.

New York leaped forward and shows gains all along the line. Russell polled 60,000 votes against 33,990 two years ago. Schenectady, Buffalo, Syracuse and Rochester doubled and trebled their

showings. In many small industrial and rural centers the gains were often 300 per cent.

Comrade Dooley of Oklahoma, thinks his state will double its last vote and show 26,000 for the working class.

Secretary Storck of Ohio, estimates Ohio's vote at 70,000 or 75,000. Columbus almost elected the entire county ticket. J. L. Bachman, candidate for congress from the twelfth congressional district, polled 10,927 votes; Democrat, 13,860. Evidently the strike at Columbus opened the eyes of the workers there. Next time the socialists propose to elect several candidates. Two precincts carried in East Liverpool. Findlay vote five times as big as two years ago. Coshocton carried the entire ticket.



ITS FIRST STEPS.

From The Syracuse Herald.





CHARLES H. MORRILL.

Secretary Barzee, of Oregon, reports big gains all over the state from the cities and villages heard from.

Secretary Ringler, of Pennsylvania, advises us that Comrade Slayton, candidate for governor, ran ahead of the Democratic candidate; big gains from Philadelphia and the industrial centers and James H. Maurer, a splendid revolutionist, elected to the legislature. Comrade Maurer writes: "During the past six months our flying squadron distributed 20,000 pamphlets every Sunday morning and during October 40,000 were distributed weekly. We are so completely organized that we are able to cover our city in one hour. The rock of scientific socialism is my platform. I understand the needs and aims of the working class and every act of mine shall be guided by consideration of the best interests of my class. My comrades of Local Berks and the nation will be my advisers.

Secretary Bostrom, of Washington, advises returns incomplete but comrades



HATCHED.

hope to show a 20 per cent gain over 1908.

Secretary Smith, of Utah, reports great interest in Socialism at last election. Gains everywhere, but official count not yet out.

Comrade Secretary Houston reports the Socialist candidate in Randolph county, West Virginia, was only beaten by the son of Henry C. Davis by 100 votes. This is the Senator S. B. Elkins stronghold. Wheeling doubled her vote and the whole state promises a gain of 200 per cent.

Massachusetts proudly returns Chas. Morrill to the state legislature. And Minnesota elected Nils S. Hillman a locomotive engineer, the state legislature from the fifty-first district.

North Dakota elects Comrade Wesley Fasset to the state legislature and starts 1912 campaign.

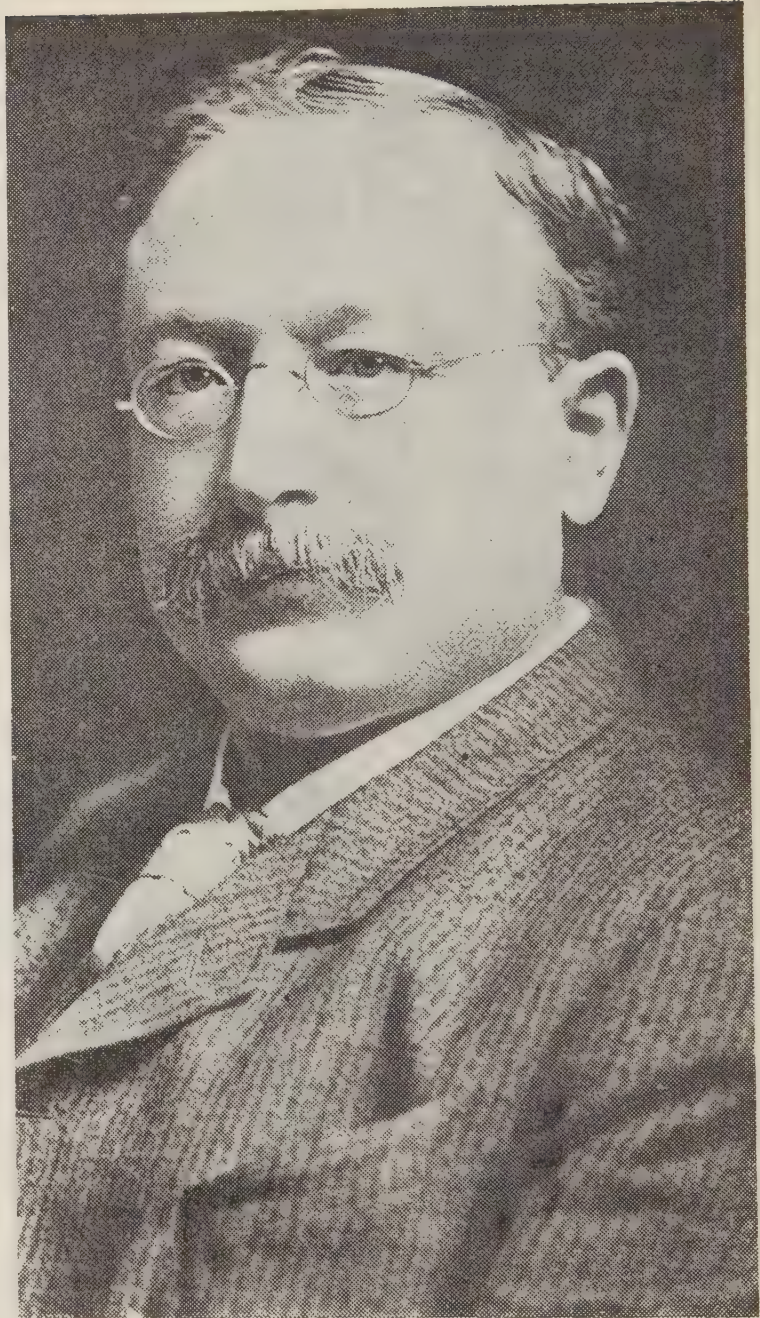
Wisconsin will send Victor Berger to Washington—the first Congressman the Socialist party has ever elected. The Milwaukee Social Democrats also elected their county ticket from top to bottom and thirteen members to the state legislature, one senator and twelve assemblymen from Milwaukee county.

Secretary Paul Paulsen, of Wyoming, reports that returns are not yet official in his state but he predicts a 25 per cent increase over 1908.

Hunter polled 10,000 votes in Connecticut where the old parties were warring

to a finish. Indiana also showed a splendid increase in spite of the feud between old party candidates. Such situations clear up the issues and keep the vote truly revolutionary.

Illinois threatens to double her vote



VICTOR L. BERGER, FIRST SOCIALIST ELECTED TO CONGRESS.



for 1908, while Chicago polled over 30,000.

Merry Christmas, everybody! We have started showing them! And the very best feature of socialist victories is the fact that each new recruit studies Socialism in order to fit him, or herself, to teach and talk socialism to more working-

men and women. Agitate, educate, organize!

The winter campaign has just begun. Get busy now, everybody, and educate the new party members and next time they will add two or three hundred thousand to the revolutionary army!

ESTIMATED VOTE BY STATES, COMPARED WITH DEBS' VOTE OF 1908.

State	1908	1910	State	1908	1910
Alabama	1,399	2,000	Nevada	2,029	3,000
Arizona	.....	3,000	New Hampshire	1,299	1,500
Arkansas	5,842	9,220	New Jersey	10,249	11,500
California	28,659	55,000	New Mexico	.....	2,000
Colorado	7,974	10,000	New York	38,451	65,000
Connecticut	5,113	11,000	North Carolina	345	700
Delaware	240	500	North Dakota	2,405	6,000
Florida	3,747	7,000	Ohio	33,795	70,000
Georgia	584	1,000	Oklahoma	21,752	26,000
Idaho	6,305	8,500	Oregon	7,430	14,000
Illinois	39,711	60,000	Pennsylvania	39,913	55,000
Indiana	13,476	25,000	Rhode Island	1,365	1,500
Iowa	8,287	13,000	South Carolina	101	300
Kansas	12,420	17,000	South Dakota	2,846	5,000
Kentucky	4,060	7,000	Tennessee	1,878	2,000
Louisiana	2,538	4,000	Texas	8,524	14,000
Maine	1,758	1,568	Utah	4,895	6,000
Maryland	2,500	4,000	Vermont	820	1,055
Massachusetts	10,778	13,000	Virginia	225	500
Michigan	11,527	15,000	Washington	14,177	17,000
Minnesota	14,469	20,000	West Virginia	3,676	9,000
Mississippi	1,408	1,500	Wisconsin	28,146	55,000
Missouri	15,398	24,000	Wyoming	1,396	2,500
Montana	5,855	9,000			
Nebraska	3,524	7,000			
				433,289	696,843



# EDITORIAL

**Immense Socialist Gains.** The congressional elections of 1910 show that the Socialist Party has made wonderful gains in two years and is far stronger than ever before. On another page the REVIEW gives as close an estimate of the vote as can be obtained up to the time of going to press. The result of the election as a whole is full of inspiration to the Socialist workers. New industrial developments are breaking down old party lines. Discontent is everywhere. Prices still rise, and wages do not rise in proportion. The wage-workers find themselves constantly crushed down closer to a level where they can obtain only the barest necessities. The Democrats claim that the protective tariff enriches a few manufacturers at the expense of "the people." The Republicans retort with good reason that a tariff reduction that would reduce prices would also reduce wages. But there are plenty of "insurgent" Republicans who talk like Democrats and conservative Democrats who act like Republicans. No legislation of any importance is likely to be passed by the newly elected Congress. The big capitalists need none and they control enough politicians in both parties to keep the little capitalists from getting the laws that might save them from destruction for a few years more. And as for the wage-workers, they are fast coming to see that reforms will not help them, that their only hope is in the party of REVOLUTION, the Socialist party. Now is our opportunity. Not less than two million men and women, including those who are disfranchised by capitalist laws, are on our side in the United States today. Of these only about 60,000 are now party members and only a fraction of the 60,000 have as yet fitted themselves to explain the principles of Socialism to their neighbors and shop-mates. Capitalist parties are breaking up, the workers are ready for our message. Sow the seed of education now, and the harvest will be quick, sure and plentiful. One man or woman with a clear understanding of Socialism may easily carry

the message to a thousand others. Capitalism can last only while we, the workers, are ignorant and divided. Educate, unite, and the world is ours.

**Feeding the School Children.** European Socialists discovered years ago that hungry children can not be taught so well as those who are well nourished. In the cities where they are strong enough they have started the system of supplying one good meal to the children either free or at a nominal charge. And now we learn through the capitalist press that the notorious Busse Republican administration in Chicago has begun to install the system here. It is a good system, and we Socialists need lose no sleep over this theft of our "thunder." The "penny lunches" may help the children of wage-workers to develop into stronger rebels, both in body and mind, than they would otherwise become. And the concession of this reform by the ruling class of Chicago may prevent the Chicago Socialists from wasting time over a side issue.

**Mexico, Our Capitalists' Slave Colony.** Few Americans, even American Socialists, realize the horrible conditions under which the working class is suffering in Mexico. And fewer still realize that the real slave-holders, for whose profit men, women and children are being bought and sold, starved and tortured just over our southern boundary line, are not Mexicans, but American capitalists. What is more, these capitalists are using the United States government, their government, to keep Porfirio Diaz in power, and it is Diaz that enables the slave-holders to keep their slaves in submission. But for Diaz, and his soldiers, the slaves would free themselves, and without the active help of the United States Government, Diaz would soon be overthrown. Read the facts reported by John Kenneth Turner in this month's REVIEW and you will have one more reason for fighting capitalism. For slavery can not continue and grow in Mexico without dragging down the wage-workers of America.



# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY

WILLIAM BOHN

**FRANCE. Class Against Class.** Again the Gallic cock has crowed. Again the working class of the world has taken new courage. Again international capitalism has suffered a spasm of terror.

The great strike of the French railway workers has proved the most successful failure on record. It was called on October 12th. On the 18th it was officially brought to an end. It involved the great majority of the railway workers of France, the electricians, the taxicab drivers and subway employes of Paris, besides the workers in many other trades. On the morning of the 12th, 200,000 workmen of Paris failed to report for their daily toil. In extent it was one of the greatest strikes on record. In duration it was one of the shortest.

When it was over Aristide Briand, Premier of France, and premier labor-crusher of Europe, was left in absolute control of the situation. There was opposition in his cabinet; the cabinet was dismissed and he was commissioned to form one after his own heart. He succeeded in doing this. He was given a vote of confidence by the Chamber of Deputies. His policies and his personality were supreme. The strike was crushed.

Yet this strike was one of the most successful on record.

In order to appreciate this fact it is necessary to look somewhat more closely at the origin of the strike and the results which have followed it. The general strike was called in support of the employes of the Northern railway line. The workers on this line had been striking for a raise in wages from sixty cents to a dollar a day. They were in a fair way to lose. Finally their president, Comrade Toffin, was discharged. At this the central committee of the national union of railway workers called for a general strike. The call was almost immediately complied with by the employes of the following lines: the Western, the State, the Eastern, and Paris, Lyon and Mediter-

anean. Sympathetic strikes were almost immediately called by workers in other trades.

The government of France answered with two weapons. First it arrested the strike leaders. It did not do this because two of the lines involved happen to be state lines. It made no distinctions. All strikers were regarded as enemies of the government. Immediately official announcement was made that twenty officials of the railway unions would be placed under arrest. The twenty men involved let it be known that they would assemble in the editorial room of *l'Humanite*, the Socialist daily, and there await the officers of the law. On the wall of that room hangs a drawing representing a company of soldiers beating down a crowd of proletarians, men, women, and children. Under this drawing is an excerpt from an address delivered by Aristide Briand in 1899: "Fellow workers, take up scythes, clubs, pikes! On to the fight against your enemies, the exploiters of the people! In the midst of the conflict I will be with you." When the minions of the law came to execute the commands of this Briand they took one of the representatives of the working-class from the very chair in which Briand himself, as editorial writer on *l'Humanite*, had toiled for working-class supremacy. On the table lay the very pen with which he had written his impassioned appeals. The arrests did not end with the taking of twenty officials. In all several hundred strikers were imprisoned. Most of them were eventually sentenced to short terms in prison.

The other measure of the government was even more violent. All of the strikers subject to duty as military reservists were summoned into service. They had two weeks' grace allowed them under the law. But if at the end of that time they had not reported they could be treated as deserters.

This second weapon proved effective.

Thousands of the strikers flocked to the standard. In the end this fact had much to do with the breaking of the strike.

On October 15th the directors of the railways involved announced to Minister of Public Works Millerand that they were willing to grant a wage of one dollar a day for every day actually spent at work. This did not meet the demand originally made by the men on the Northern line. But it was concession. And it soon had its effect. Here and there strikers began to return to their places.

On October 17th the strike, though still expanding in some places, was noticeably decreasing in others. During the night between the 17th and 18th the general strike committee, to the surprise of every one, declared the conflict at an end. There was some opposition among the men. Some did not hesitate to say the workers had been betrayed. On the 18th, nevertheless, the great majority of the strikers went back to work, and the great conflict was practically over.

In its manifesto the strike committee explains that it preferred to bring the strike definitely to an end in good order. This leaves the union of railway workers with full treasury and organization intact for the great struggle which evidently lies before it.

This tremendous strike, which was technically, outwardly, a failure, has been a success in three different ways. In the first place it has won substantial advances in wages for the employes on whose behalf it was first called; in the second, it has served as a gigantic demonstration of the power of French labor; in the third, it has sharpened the class conflict in France, it has made a final life-or-death struggle imminent.

It is in this last result that the historic importance of the strike is to be found. The opposition in the cabinet of M. Briand was due to the fact that two other renegades, Millerand and Viviani, were unwilling to consent to the full measure of his brutality. Perhaps these two were embarrassed by the discovery somewhere in their make-ups of a shred or two of their former humanitarian impulses. At any rate they opposed the head of the cabinet. Since their dismissal the French have at the head of their government a

cabinet made up exclusively of labor-haters. They have been chosen for the express purpose of fighting the **Confederation General du Travail**. They are expected to begin their campaign by securing modifications of the law of association. It is expected that they will secure a clause forbidding the formation of unions among employes of state enterprises. Such a clause may mean civil war.

At any rate the **Confederation General** goes from one conflict to another. As on many another previous occasion, the working-class of the world must keep its eyes on France. There the class oppositions are sharpest and there a bitter, violent class warfare may break out at any moment.

**ITALY. Socialist Party Congress.** The eleventh congress of the Socialist Party of Italy met at Milan October 21-25. **Critica Sociale**, the Socialist review published at Milan, welcomed the members of the congress in an editorial which went on to say that the history of the Socialist movement in Italy is about to enter upon its third period. The first period, according to the editor's view, extended from 1890 to 1900 and was a period of desperate struggle for the right to existence. The second period, we are told, extended from 1900 to the present time, and this has been a period of inner clarification and unification. The third period, beginning with the present year, is to be a time of positive action, of definite achievement.

If one is to judge by the conclusions reached in the Congress of Milan the second period is not yet concluded. Thus far there is lacking in Italy the strong feeling of unity, the clear recognition of purpose, which is making an irresistible force of the Socialist movements in Germany and France. The union movement in Italy is gaining strength. There are unmistakable signs of discontent in the working-class. But the Socialist movement is not sure of itself and is making little headway.

Lack of success is mirrored in the report of the executive committee submitted at Milan. In 1908 the party numbered 43,788 members; in 1909, 28,835; in 1910, 32,108. On all sides there is heard



the lament that there is a lack of young bloom in the movement, that the party does not attract the rising generation of the working-class.

This state of affairs is differently interpreted by the members of the two opposing Socialist groups. The Reformers claim that it is due to lack of positive program, to failure to recognize the immediate needs of the working-class. The Revolutionists maintain, on the contrary, that it results from lack of an inspiring social ideal.

In the congress held last year at Florence, it will be remembered, the Reformers were triumphant. They were left in control of the party executive committee and of *l'Avanti*, the party's official organ. In addition they have been in the majority in the Socialist parliamentary group. So they have had things all their own way during the past year.

At the opening session of the Congress of Milan resolutions were introduced giving expression to the views of the Reformers, the Revolutionists, and a group made up of a combination of the two opposing factions. The Revolutionists advocated the acceptance of a resolution introduced by Comrade Lazzari. This resolution insisted on certain reforms, the same as those championed by the Reformers, but denounced coalitions with capitalist parties both in political campaigns and in parliamentary activity. Moreover, it emphasized the fact that reforms are only useful in so far as they tend toward the total transformation of capitalist society. Comrade Lazzari defended his resolution in a masterly address. He criticised the parliamentary group and the editor of *l'Avanti* for supporting capitalist reforms and giving but feeble expression to real proletarian demands. In particular, he took them to task for not opposing military expenditures, for failure to protest against the massacre of strikers by national troops, and for refraining from opposition to the official reception given the Czar on the occasion of his visit to Italy. Lack of growth in the party he held to be due to fact that party no longer represents the working-class.

Reply was made by Bissolati, editor of *l'Avanti*. He asserted that without the

liberty to support a reform ministry a Socialist group is practically powerless in parliament, that by judiciously giving or withholding support the present parliamentary group aided the Sonino ministry in removing the censorship of the press and forced upon the present Luzatti ministry an anticlerical policy. He declared it to be the intention of the Socialist representatives to support Luzatti in his effort to reduce the educational qualification which now limits the Italian suffrage. Such reforms as these, he insisted, are at present the necessary condition to the progress of the proletariat. In the south of Italy the great majority of the people are totally illiterate. They cannot become politically effective, cannot act on their own behalf, until reform measures have effected a change in their condition.

Comrade Morgari opposed the leaders of both Reform and Revolutionary wings. The Reformers, he said, had forgotten the great purpose of the Socialist movement, had lost their identity among Republicans and Radicals. The Revolutionists, on the other hand, had forgotten the immediate needs of the working-class. What was needed was a combination of revolutionary idealism and reformist sense for ways and means.

When it came to the vote the Reformers carried the day. Their resolution received the support of 12,991 members. The Revolutionists mustered 6,058. The middle-of-the-road group, the one represented by Comrade Morgari, numbered 4,574 votes. The Revolutionists drew comfort from the fact that they have gained 700 votes since the Congress of Florence, while both of the other groups have lost.

Here we have a true representation of the state of the Socialist movement in Italy. This condition is no doubt largely the result of economic conditions for which the party is not responsible and over which it can exercise no control. Northern Italy is industrially well developed; southern Italy is still medieval. The Socialist Party is made up partly of middle-class co-operators and partly of revolutionary syndicalists. Under these conditions the movement is inevitably torn with opposing views on theory and tactics. Economic development on the outside and deeper insight into the nature

of the class-struggle on the inside must bring unity of opinion and purpose in time. But of such unity there is little indication at present.

**South African Elections.** The elections for the first union parliament of South Africa have been held and industrial capitalism has won. Inasmuch as this victory indicates a step forward in the line of social evolution, it is a necessary preparation for the day of socialized industry. Industrially South Africa, like Australia and New Zealand, is emerging from the pioneer stage. Agriculture and mining are still the foremost industries and the industrial problems which grow from factory life and crowded cities are less pressing than the question of ownership of land and mines.

Further, all the variations of the race trouble are of supreme importance. Tom Mann's article on South Africa in the July number of the REVIEW gives a vivid description of the industrial exploitation of the Kaffir. But Capital in South Africa, as in Australia, is not content with reaping profits from the native black. It has turned too to the cheap labor of the Orient and is importing Hindoos. Small wonder that race antagonism is bitter and that the "colored franchise" and importation of alien laborers are two seemingly vital issues.

Politically, South Africa is far behind Australia and New Zealand. It is hardly a nation—even a subject nation. It is a group of colonies developed by different nationalities and controlled now by the nation whose citizens hold the economic superiority. Therefore, the "conservatives" are the party of the old Dutch landowners, the party of local patriotism, of landed interests, the Nationalists. The "liberals" are those who welcome the industrial expansion through foreign (largely English) capital, the party of imperialism, of cheap labor, of British dominance, the Unionists.

In a country so undeveloped industrially and politically it is surprising to find a strong labor party. It is said that in South Africa as large a proportion of the population votes the labor ticket as in Great Britain. The Labor Party has representatives in the local governments and has

won a few seats in the new parliament. Its platform declares for nationalization of the land and a minimum wage law. Many of the Labor Party call themselves Socialists.

The three parties are united in regard to the extension of the franchise to the colored people and the Socialists by their defense of the colored workingman frankly accepted a tremendous handicap of unpopularity.

The triumph of the Unionists seems to mean the dominance of the landowner is giving way to the dominance of the owner of industries and especially to the dominance of the wine-owner. The failure of the Labor Party shows that capitalism is not yet fully enough developed to make the class struggle sharp.

It was chiefly because the Labor Party lacked class-consciousness that the revolutionary Socialists felt compelled to fight them and to raise the red flag in the campaign. And how bravely, just for the cause, with no hope of securing office, the little socialist group in South Africa has kept the flag flying. They contested four seats in the new union parliament. In Johannesburg Comrade Crawford, the tireless and uncompromising editor of the *Voice of Labor*, distributed 50,000 pieces of literature and got 8 votes. Another Scotchman in another Transvaal district got 25 votes. In these districts there were no party members, so the work was all fresh propaganda. Comrade Noon in a district of Capetown, which has about 2,000 workers received 296 votes.

But votes are not a test of success in so young a movement. A better sign of the vitality of the movement is its ability to support a party paper. "The Voice of Labor," published at Johannesburg, is two years old, though the whole South African movement is not over eight years old.

The South African comrades, opposing not only expanding capitalism, but an established labor party, undoubtedly have serious tactical problems to meet, but they seem to have courage and energy for the fight.

**P**ORTUGAL. Bourgeois Idealism. In order to understand the American Revolution, the French Revolution, or



any other revolution of the great period, all one has to do is to take a look at contemporary Portugal. There we have every element of a bourgeois revolutionary movement appearing promptly according to schedule.

The revolution which took place between the 3d and 6th of October was much desired by the business interests of the land. The monarchy was wasteful and inefficient. The convents and monasteries were, in certain fields, very undesirable industrial rivals. But, so far as one can see now, the business men of Portugal took very little part in the military action which led to the abolition of monarchy and the humiliation of the church. The revolution was directly carried on by a group of enthusiasts, backed up by the masses of the people. The early press reports were absolutely at fault when they represented the populace as indifferent. Thousands of workingmen, armed with weapons supplied by rebellious soldiers, joined in the attack on the palace at Libson. Even in the provinces, we are told, the people generally hailed the proclamation of the republic with joy. The people furnished the real power which made the revolution possible.

Furthermore, the Republican leaders, men like Premier Braga, Minister of Foreign Affairs Machado, and Minister of Justice Costa, are persons inspired by high and fine ideals. So far as can be seen at the present moment, they really desire to make Portugal a democratic country. They have begun by separating church and state. As soon as possible they purpose to call a constitutional convention, elected by universal, proportional suffrage. They intend to lay before this body the outline of a constitution. This outline is to include provisions for popular education, abolition of the death sentence, and other democratic measures. The provisional cabinet favors what would seem in this country very radical social regulations. They announce their intention, for example, of procuring, as soon as possible, the passage of a national ten-hour law and a law providing for one day's rest in seven.

So far as they go these are really working-class measures. They remind one

strongly of the early days of the French Revolution, the days of "liberty, equality, fraternity." We in this country have few illusions about bourgeois republicanism. We know very well how a great revolutionary uprising can be turned to advantage by the powers of capitalism. We know how the revolutionary ideals are twisted and turned into their opposites once capitalism has got fully under way. The time is bound to come when the working-class of Portugal will have to fight for the very things it seems now to possess. The idealists who now head the government will soon have monuments erected to them, but their ideals will be buried as deep as capitalist misrepresentation can bury them.

All this is to come. But for the moment the common people of Portugal have the advantage of revolutionary enthusiasm. Let us hope that they will get their ten-hour law and some smattering of education. Every help they can wring from their present environment will be so much gained for the coming struggle.

#### Death Sentence in Japan.

As we go to press word comes to us that Dr. Kotoku and his wife and their friends have been brought before the courts of Japan and judged guilty of plotting against the imperial family. The sentence of death has been pronounced on them. Denjiro Kotoku is a man of high education who has devoted himself to popularizing Western scientific and socialist ideas in Japan. He has translated the works of Karl Marx, Leo Tolstoy and Peter Kropotkin, also of Bakunin into Japanese. Comrades write that the charge is wholly false and we may well believe this to be true as Dr. Kotoku and his colleagues are scientific thinkers who realize that the present-day ills of the working class are due—not to individuals but to the capitalist system of exploitation.

Comrade Katayama has written much of late about the growing intolerance on the part of the government for liberal or even radical ideas and it is not surprising that the officials should desire to stamp out the growing movement for revolution. We hope to have more encouraging news about the Japanese situation in the next number of the REVIEW.

# THE WORLD OF LABOR

BY MAX S. HAYES.

LAST month's elections appear to be another case of out of the frying-pan into the fire so far as organized labor is concerned. It was the most remarkable demonstration of political confusion and chaos that this country has witnessed this side of 1860. The only bright and promising rift in the sky is the splendid forward movement of the Socialist party. Victor Berger's election to Congress, the winning of seats in the Legislatures of various states, the capture of scores of county and city offices, and the general increase in the popular vote are incidents that are causing the old party bosses and newspapers to comment in a nervous and uneasy strain and to admit as a whole that the working class seems to be awakening at last and that the S. P. is a factor that must be reckoned with in the future.

Let me repeat and let it sink deep into the minds of the working people that the triumphant onward march of the Socialist party is the only hopeful sign in the political firmament. It is the only menacing club that can be wielded against the politicians in power and force them to amend the Sherman anti-trust law and modify government by injunction so as to permit workingmen to strike and boycott without going to jail or being forced to pay damages to the open shop plutes.

And don't you think for a holy minute that the politicians won't interpret the danger of the "red spectre" and do the handsome thing in restoring to the workers the rights of which they have been robbed and place American labor upon the same plane as are the workers of other countries in the world where the Socialist movement threatens the piratical class with annihilation! The politicians will define the meaning of the Socialist vote much quicker than the laboring men still tied to the capitalistic old party juggernaut, I am sorry to say, and make concessions to head off a still larger Socialist vote the coming year. All of which proves the correctness of Socialist philosophy once more, viz., that it is not

even necessary to win complete control to wrest concessions from the capitalist class, and that the higher the Socialist vote is piled up the more respect the plutes will have for those who toil.

Therefore, the thing to do now is to follow up the advantages gained and press the enemy harder than ever. Start the 1912 campaign at once. Hold meetings, organize the men and women who want industrial freedom, grind out literature by the ton and educate the workers in the old parties whose bonds are being loosened and who will be more easily attracted to our movement in proportion as the S. P. organization grows and inspires them with confidence and enthusiasm and the hope for a brighter and better day. This is a good age to live in; we are writing history, and all signs of the times indicate that we will have Socialism in our time. All depends upon our own efforts.

I would add in passing that no intelligent workingman ought to be misled by the shrewd and temporary switching that was done by the dominating capitalists and their agents from the factionalized Republican party to the hypocritical and discredited Democracy. It was a fine play for position, that is true. But watch out! Harmon, the military governor of Ohio, will likely be the Democratic nominee for President in 1912. He had the solid support of all the trust and open-shop interests of his state. Second choice is Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic governor-elect of New Jersey, who also stands second only to Prof. Eliot in his bitter hatred for organized workers. Foss, of Massachusetts, and Dix, of New York, are in the same boat. Both are notorious labor-crushers and are at war with the unions.

It is almost certain that Taft will be nominated by the Republicans, as "Teddy" has been thoroughly repudiated for his demagoguery and cannot prove a factor unless he splits his party and forms an alliance with Bryan, who is also a has-been.





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LAST month's elections are another case of out of the fire so far as organized concerned. It was the most demonstration of political confusion that this country has witnessed since 1860. The only bright and shining star in the sky is the splendid emergence of the Socialist party. The election of Debs to Congress, the capture of seats in the Legislatures of the country, the capture of scores of county offices, and the general increase in the popular vote are incidents that mark the old party bosses and newspapermen in a nervous and uneasy condition. They must admit as a whole that the new era seems to be awakening at the S. P. is a factor that must be reckoned with in the future.

Let me repeat and let it sink into the minds of the working class that the triumphant onward march of the Socialist party is the only hopeful political firmament. It is the club that can be wielded by politicians in power and force the Sherman anti-trust law on the government by injunction against the workingmen to strike and go out going to jail or being damaged to the open shop.

And don't you think for a moment that the politicians won't interfere with the "red spectre" and try to restore some thing in restoring to the rights of which they have been depriving American labor upon the place where the workers of other world where the Socialist means the piratical class with the politicians will define the Socialist vote much more laboring men still tied to the old party juggernaut, I am not making concessions to the larger Socialist vote the corner of which proves the correctness of the philosophy once more, viz.

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those unfortunate victims of one of the most heartless lockouts in American industrial history (as has been shown in *THE REVIEW*) to gain a semblance of humane working and living conditions. Mother is never so happy as when helping "the boys" in the mining fields, and, as every officer and member of the U. M. W. knows, she has gone into districts in Colorado, Alabama, West Virginia and other places where many of the bravest of men have feared to tread. She has faced injunction judges, served time in jail, lived on bread and water and has undergone a thousand hardships where others have hesitated or flunked, and never a word of complaint as to her own sufferings escape her lips. In fact she is as jolly and happy-go-lucky as a girl of sixteen and always refers to her direful experiences as humorous escapades.

Mother Jones only grows sorrowful and indignant when she discusses the fool factionalism among the miners and the sufferings endured by "the boys" and their wives and children, whom she knows and loves and for whom she has done organizing work in past campaigns. She has little patience with the penny-ante politics of this or that alleged leader who aspires for place or power, and when in a reminiscent mood she can relate some wonderful stories.

Anyhow, when Mother Jones gets through in the soft coal region she intends to invade the anthracite region again, the scenes of earlier triumphs, and endeavor to bring order out of chaos. From all reports, the hard coal miners are in a deplorable condition from the union standpoint. Back in 1902, when the big strike took place that Roosevelt "settled," the U. M. W. was in splendid shape. The men were all out and the industry was so thoroughly paralyzed, despite all that the mine barons could do with their courts and strike-breakers, that Baer, Oliphant, Truesdale & Co. were on the verge of capitulating, when who should butt in but "the workingman's friend," Roosevelt. By flattery the Big Noise turned the head of Mitchell and secured his consent to appoint the celebrated "strike commission," with Judge Gary as chairman.

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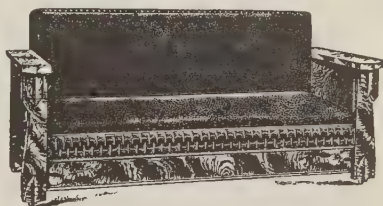


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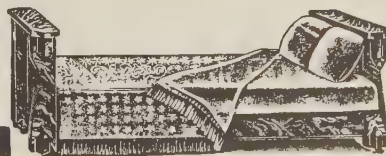
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# NEWS AND VIEWS



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wants to keep in touch with the movement. It is eminently thorough; free from rant and yet the REVIEW always speaks the truth.—Thomas E. Peoples.

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**Illinois.**—Enclosed find \$2.00 for 40 copies of the November issue of the best magazine ever published. Our local got 20 copies of the October number and they went like "hot-cakes."—Kewanee.

**U. S. Army.**—Hereafter I will send \$5.00 each month for the REVIEW. It is doing splendid work. Four-fifths of the soldiers here voted the Socialist ticket.—Comrade.



# Here It Is

Here is just what you want, just what you need. You have been looking for it and here it is. Send us word, saying you want to try it and it will be sent by mail, without a penny. It is Bodi-Tone, the real remedy for the sick, that is curing sick-folks by thousands, the medicine your neighbors are talking about. The Bodi-Tone Company invented Bodi-Tone over a year ago, and immediately offered it on trial to all the sick, a fair and honest way, so everyone could try it and judge its curative value before paying a penny for it. The Bodi-Tone Company has sent out over one hundred thousand \$1.00 boxes during the past year in this way, to people in all parts of the country, without a penny in advance, and thousands have seen, felt and known its great curative benefits. Now the Bodi-Tone Company wants you to try a full-sized one dollar box of Bodi-Tone at its risk and expense, so that you, too, will get to know the great curative and restorative forces in this splendid medicinal combination, which is rapidly proving its great superiority.

## Bodi-Tone

does just what its name means—*cures disease by toning all the body*, and we want you to try it and see what it will do for your body. Bodi-Tone is a small, round tablet, that is taken three times every day. Each \$1.00 box contains seventy-five tablets, enough for twenty-five days continuous use, and we send you the full box without a penny in advance, so you can try it and learn what it is, so you can learn how it works in the body, how it *cures stubborn diseases* by helping nature to tone every organ of the body. The composition of Bodi-Tone is not secret. Each ingredient is named and fully described in the Bodi-Tone book, sent free to every Bodi-Tone user. You know just what you are using and know it is good and safe. Among the ingredients which compose Bodi-Tone are Iron to give life and energy to the Blood, Sarsaparilla, to purify it, Phosphate to nourish the Nerves, Lithia for the Kidneys, Gentian for the Stomach, Chinese Rhubarb and Oregon Grape Root for the Liver, Cascara, which restores tone to the Bowels and Intestines, and Peruvian Bark for the General System. All these ingredients pull together to *restore health in the body*, each serves to build upon the others work, each one helps. Many are prescribed regularly by the doctors for diseases in which we recommend Bodi-Tone, most of them have been successfully used separately or in combination with other drugs for the treatment of innumerable diseases, but the *exact combination* found in Bodi-Tone is peculiar to Bodi-Tone alone and gives Bodi-Tone a curative and restorative power peculiar to itself, that has already brought health to thousands. That is why we want to send a box on trial to you, for we know that you will find it different and superior. Bodi-Tone is a pure remedy that all the

family can use. It contains no narcotic drugs. It does not depend on drugging the body, but tones the body and cures its disorders with remedies nature intended to tone and cure the body when that power was given them. Bodi-Tone offers its service to you right now, if you are sick, if your bodily organs are not acting as they should, if your body is not in right, natural and normal tone. This is what Bodi-Tone is for—to help nature restore tone to the body, to restore normal health, energy, vigor, vitality and strength. If there is anything wrong with your Kidneys, Bodi-Tone helps to restore tone to the Kidneys, helps to set them right. If there is anything wrong with your Stomach, Bodi-Tone helps to tone the Stomach, helps to set the wrong right. If there is anything wrong with your Nerves, your Blood, your Liver, your Bowels or your General System, the ingredients in Bodi-Tone, which are endowed by nature with a special action in these parts, go right to work and keep on working day after day, exerting always a well-understood, definite action that produces curative results of the kind sufferers appreciate. If you have Rheumatism, Bodi-Tone, a splendid eliminant, helps to eliminate the Uric Acid from the system while it restores tone to the Kidneys, Stomach and Blood, thereby exerting a continual anti-rheumatic effect which makes it hard for Rheumatism to obtain or retain a foothold in the system. Bodi-Tone should be used by all women suffering from any of the various Female Ailments, for its toning properties are of special value in such ailments. Bodi-Tone is especially urged for all chronic sufferers who have tried honest, reputable physicians without benefit, for these are the people who need it the most.

## It Is Proven

The curative powers of Bodi-Tone have been amply proven by one solid year of cures. It has been tested in thousands of cases, covering a variety of ailments in both sexes, at every age. Persons suffering from Rheumatism, Stomach trouble, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Ailments, Uric Acid Diseases, Bowel Complaints, Female Troubles, Blood and Skin Affections, Dropsy, Piles, Catarrh, Anæmia, Sleeplessness, La Grippe, Pains, General Weakness and Nervous Breakdown, have tested Bodi-Tone and proven its value in such disorders. Their experiences have proven beyond a shadow of doubt that the Bodi-Tone plan of *toning all the body* is a right plan that helps to cure these and other disorders, that it is a *real aid to nature*. Many who have for years been in poor health and have tried doctors and most all of the prominent medicines, have written us that *one box of Bodi-Tone did more good than all the others combined*. Write to-day for a \$1.00 box on trial and see what it will do for you. Don't send a penny. Just ask for a dollar box on trial. Address:

COTESFIELD, NEBR.—I have had Stomach trouble for eleven years and very bad for the past four years. Before taking Bodi-Tone, I had to throw up my supper every night. I would have such pain and such a heavy weight at my stomach and would nearly smother with gas. I would almost die and had to throw up what I had eaten to keep from smothering to death. It was so bad for four years that I was almost a walking skeleton. Now I am much stouter and don't look like the same person. My stomach digests what I eat and that trouble is all gone. I was so nervous and had such pain in the top of my head, which Bodi-Tone has remedied.

Mrs. WM. BECK.

DORSET, VT.—I had Rheumatism very bad and was lame and sore all over. My Kidneys bothered me; Bodi-Tone has freed me from all of these troubles. MACK FISHER.

CULVER, IND.—I am telling all of my neighbors and friends about Bodi-Tone, and how it reached my case and did me more good than any other medicine I ever took, which is enough for me. My troubles were lame back and continual tired feeling, due, as I believe, to weak kidneys. My back was so bad that when I stooped over I could hardly raise up again and I suffered much pain with it. I took most everything recommended, but found no relief until I used Bodi-Tone. I used only two boxes, and have not since been bothered with my back, and I feel like working all the time.

OTIS E. MARSH.

GASTONIA, N. C.—When I began Bodi-Tone I was in a very weak condition, and had tried so many medicines that I became discouraged. I had been in very poor health for five years, suffering from different diseases and with a debilitated, run-down system. I was full of Malaria. I had two physicians waiting on me and they gave me only temporary relief, and told me I would have to have an operation, which I refused. I scarcely had strength enough to dress and had to stay in bed, not able to do my household duties. I began the use of Bodi-Tone three months ago and my improvement was so rapid that in a few weeks I was attending to my household duties and rested better at night than in years. I now enjoy perfect health and have gained 10 pounds.

Mrs. R. M. CURRIE.

**BODI-TONE COMPANY, Dept. S. CHICAGO, ILLS.**

# LITERATURE

**Burning Daylight.** By Jack London, illustrated, 361 pages; published by The Macmillan Company, 66 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y. Price, \$1.50. We are very glad this book reaches us in time for a brief notice in the December issue of the REVIEW, for it is unquestionably the Christmas book of the year. Do not miss it for it is Jack London, the foremost writer of English literature in America, at his very best. The book is a powerful arraignment of the capitalist regime. No contemporary novelist has pictured so vividly the horrors of modern industrialism as London in his last novel. Thus does one character in the book describe existing society:

"Society, as organized, was a 'bunco game. There were many hereditary inefficients—men and women who were not weak enough to be confined in feeble-minded homes, but who were not strong enough to be aught else than hewers of wood and drawers of water. Then there were the fools who took the organized bunco game seriously, honoring and respecting it. They were easy game for the others, who saw clearly and knew the bunco game for what it was. Work, legitimate work, was the source of all wealth. That was to say, whether it was a sack of potatoes, a grand piano, or a seven-passenger touring car, it came into being only by the performance of work. Where the bunco came in was in the distribution of these things after labor had created them. He failed to see the horny-handed sons of toil enjoying grand pianos or riding in automobiles. How this came about was explained by the bunco. By tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands men sat up nights and schemed how they could get between the workers and the things the workers produced. These schemes were the business men. When they got between the worker and his product, they took a whack out of it for themselves. The size of the whack was determined by no rule of equity, but by their own strength and swinishness."

But the book is full of optimism, teeming with the splendid hope of free labor.

Back to nature is the keynote of the work. "Those weary of the mad haste and rush of our insane life will find here a soothing idyl. Above all, London is a wonderful painter of nature; his description of Alaska and California is of surpassing strength and beauty. And what a portrayer of the new woman! In Dede he has immortalized her.

*Burning Daylight*, the *Thirty Dollar Millionaire of the North*, is as striking a character as Jack London ever created. Into his makeup the author has thrown all the force of his own masterful nature. He is a man fashioned out of the golden, frozen North, and endowed with a personality in which the powerful and the gentle are strangely blended. If you care for good literature, if you enjoy strong stories, do not miss London's last novel—*Burning Daylight*.

---

**War—What for?** by George R. Kirkpatrick; published by the author at West La Fayette, Ohio; illustrated; price per copy, postpaid, \$1.20. This book is a denunciation, an exposition, a revelation and a terrible indictment on War! The author takes up the argument for militarism from every angle and leaves the patriot, and the militarist not a single peg on which to hang their brutal justification. Here we have war discussed from every point of view with a wealth of data that will overwhelm any logical man or woman who opposes universal peace among nations.

"What is determined when two nations go to war?" asks the author.

"Simply this: WHICH CAN MAKE THE BETTER FIGHT.

"That is all . . ."

"War is the ignoble trick of slitting open the blood vessels of the excited working class to 'satisfy' the 'honor' and save the pride and business of crowned and uncrowned cowards of the ruling class. There never is a war and never can be a war till the WORKING men are willing to do the marching, the trench digging, and the actual fighting, bleeding and dying.



"Friend, don't curse the militiamen and the soldiers. No, no. They are our brothers. Explain—with tireless patience explain—to them that the capitalists seek to make tools and bullet-stoppers of them. Explain it like a brother, inside and outside the ranks till our working class brothers everywhere—inside and outside the ranks—are aroused to a clear consciousness of the meaning of a Gatling gun with a working-class 'man behind the gun' and a working class man in front of the gun.

"Brother, stamp this into your brain and EXPLAIN IT into the brain of our brothers: The working class must themselves protect the working class."—Pages 24 and 25.

These are only two pointed paragraphs from among several hundred which the book contains, every one of which is an indictment against War that can only be quashed by the abolition of a class society.



**Say There! Wake Up!  
Cheer Up!**

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"COP"—A public employe who earns his salary by rapping his employer over the head during the strike. — From HOPE'S Modern Dictionary.

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### **"Co-Operation and Socialism The Hope of the World"**

This magnificent picture, 11x14 in., should be in every Socialist Local and in every workingman's home. Just right to insert a Socialist Group or a Family Picture if you wish. It will bring sunshine into your home. 25c postpaid. Address Wm. F. Andersen, 326 Pearl Street, Mankato, Minn.

**Robert Blatchford, The Sketch of a Personality**, by A. Neil Lyons, published by John Lane Company, The Bodley Head, New York, N. Y.; illustrated; price 85 cents, postpaid. There is not one among us that is too weak, too old, or too young to work for socialism. Therein lies the ever-growing strength of our movement. Always each and every new recruit becomes a teacher, a tireless worker for the Revolution. And the story of the life, hopes and work of Robert Blatchford is full of inspiration to us all. Proletarians are always handicapped in the great Class War, but Comrade Blatchford was doubly hampered. Poverty as well as ill-health had always to be fought. In spite of this, Comrade Blatchford has conquered and grown a stronger soldier for the working class good with all the passing years. Possibly every reader has read and distributed copies of the little propaganda pamphlet, Merrie England, which Blatchford wrote several years ago and more copies of which have been distributed than any other socialist publication. Mr. Lyons says:

"Now let us consider, so briefly as may be, the THUNDER BOOKS—God and My Neighbor and Not Guilty. Mr. Blatchford's reputation with the OUTSIDE public. . . . is based almost entirely upon these contributions to rationalist and determinist literature. I knew Mr. Blatchford when he was writing the two books I have named—I watched him writing them, you may say; and therefore know with what deep earnestness . . . he set himself to the task. In God and My Neighbor, R. B. rolled them a roll which kept them quick marching—atheists, priests, scientists, divines and common scoffers—for more than two years. God and My Neighbor woke them up. It is, I think, the sanest, gentlest, most honest and convincing book on its subject which I have ever read. Its opposition to conventional Christianity is so logically founded and so logically expressed. . . . I can wish him nothing else; for he has already all things which are worth the wishing of mortals. He has a woman and children of his own; he has his sticks of cobalt blue; he has the respect of all thinking men and the affection of all gentlemen; he has the love of all his

friends. . . . He has the confidence of a hundred thousand disciples, and the songs of the thrushes which he feeds each morning in his garden."

This is one of the most attractive books the REVIEW Book Department has received for many months. It is a touching tribute to one of the strongest and most faithful workers for the Cause. It will prove an inspiration to all young socialists and a lasting pleasure to the pioneers of the movement. It will prove a valuable addition to every socialist library.

**Theodore Roosevelt — The Political Dr. Cook.** Hickey's Wonderful Pamphlet. The Crooked Life of Roosevelt flashed before the reader's mind like a great stereopticon. Fred Warren says: "Hickey wrote one of the greatest articles the Appeal ever printed." Also contains Herron's great article, "The Threat of Barbarism"; Hickey's reply thereto and the Socialist Party Platform. **All for one dime, 12 for one dollar.** 100 for \$5.00. Send to E. R. Meitzen, State Secy., S. P., Hallettsville, Texas, or J. L. Hicks, Farmers' Journal, Abilene, Texas.

## A Christmas Book for Children

### THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS

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A real story of a real Indian; how the Indian boys helped gather supplies for winter; how they trapped the "varmints" and stalked big game; how they fished, made their paints, their clothes and their houses; how they learned to imitate the animals of the forest.

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Cloth, illustrated, \$1.00 postpaid.

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118 West Kinzie Street, CHICAGO

**Francisco Ferrer, His Life, Work and Martyrdom**, published on the first anniversary of his death by the Francisco Ferrer Association, 241 Fifth avenue, New York, N. Y., price 25 cents. This little book is made up of a number of short articles by the friends of Ferrer. Ernst Haeckel, Maxim Gorky, Havelock Ellis, Jack London and others tell the story of this great man's work, his life and his tragic death. Prof. Lester F. Ward, of Brown University, says, in reply to the question, Why was this thing possible in Spain?

"In Russia the students of the universities, the poets, the literary men, and the artists are on the side of human progress and opposed to despotism. In Spain it is the same. It is the intelligent classes, the well-informed, who are opposed to those spiritual influences, mainly the Catholic church in Spain, which hold back civilization. Now it is the dread which this spiritual power has of this intellectual power, small as it is, which rouses passions and makes these things possible. Ferrer was a martyr to the principle of education."

**Socialism and Superior Brains**, by George Bernard Shaw, published by John Lane & Co., London, England; price 75 cents net. A brilliant essay replying to the claims of Mr. W. H. Mallock that wealth is the reward of exceptional ability. Mr. Shaw has left Mr. Mallock without a shred of intellectual self-respect, and we draw a long breath of relief at the close of the last chapter, feeling sure that Mr. Shaw has laid us under a heavy debt for having, once and for all, shattered the Superior Brain theory beyond danger of repair. The essay is illuminating and as there are Mallocks springing up daily in every land and clime, we advise our friends to have a copy of Shaw's new book on hand for the annihilation of this pest.

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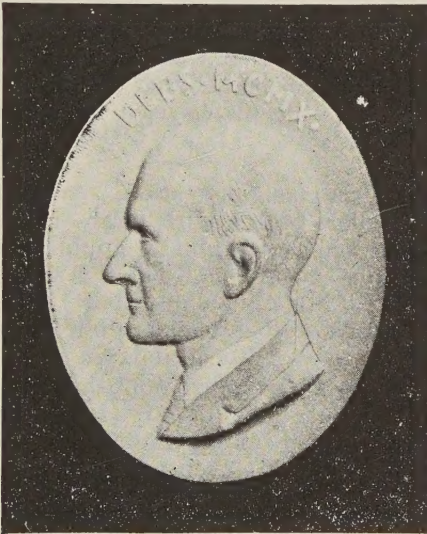


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# PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Our co-operative publishing house, which owns the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW and publishes nearly all the standard books on Socialism, is closing the most successful year in its history. In the ten months ending Oct. 31, our receipts from the REVIEW and our book sales amounted to \$37,356.24. During the same months our expenditures for wages, printing, postage, advertising, rent, interest, insurance and miscellaneous expenses were \$36,589.09, so that we reduced our indebtedness by \$767.15 out of the ordinary receipts. We pay no dividends and no fancy salaries. Every dollar we take in will be used to improve the REVIEW and to add to the variety of Socialist books supplied at the lowest possible prices.

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**New Ten-Cent Books.** We have now ready a new and attractive ten cent edition of **The Right to Be Lazy**, by Paul Lafargue, translated by Charles H. Kerr. This is one of the most powerful satires on capitalism ever written, and will open the eyes of thousands and thousands of wage-workers. Our first edition of **The Question Box**, by Frank M. Eastwood, was sold out in short order, and another large edition is ready. We shall publish the first of December a new book called **Mental Enslavement**, by Howard H. Caldwell, explaining how capitalistic ideas of morality are used to keep the wage-workers submissive. Eugene V. Debs' **Unionism and Socialism**, Spargo's **The Socialists** and Liebknecht's **Socialism** are just ready in new and attractive editions. Marx's **Value and Profit**, Engels' **Socialism, Utopian and Scientific** and Marx and Engels' **Communist Manifesto**, are selling more rapidly than ever before. We will send a hundred of our ten cent books, one kind or assorted, by express prepaid on receipt of \$5.00. This

rate applies to all our books except two. We have for a long time been selling **Merrie England** and **What's So and What Isn't** at a loss, since these are really too large for ten cent books, and the cost both for printing and for expressage is very high. These will hereafter be sold at \$1.00 a dozen or \$7.50 a hundred, express prepaid, or \$5.00 a hundred when purchaser pays expressage. New editions of both these books are in press, and Comrade Work's **What's So and What Isn't** will hereafter be printed in large type from the same plates used for the cloth edition.

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**A Christmas Suggestion.** Are Christmas dollars scarce with you? Here is a plan to make each one do double work—or triple. Send the REVIEW a year to a friend not already a subscriber. This will cost you a dollar, and as your premium for the new subscription we will send you any book or books published by us to the amount of a dollar at list prices. There you get double value for your dollar, and besides, every subscription you send the REVIEW will come as a welcome gift to its editors and managers. We want to grow to a monthly circulation of 100,000 during 1911. With YOUR help it is possible.

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**The Review Lecture Bureau.** We are concluding arrangements with some of the strongest lecturers in the Socialist Party, and next month we expect to make a definite announcement of terms on which lecturers can be sent out from the REVIEW office on a new plan that will make a successful meeting almost a certainty for any Local accepting it. Meanwhile we should like to hear from any Local in New York Pennsylvania, Ohio or Michigan that could provide a hall seating 500 or more for a meeting in January or February.



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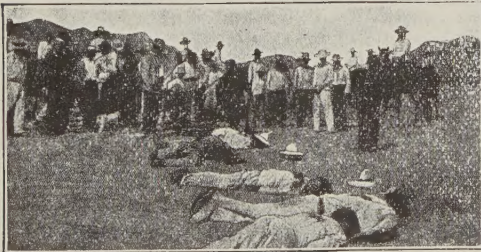
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